New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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The Theology of Neutralism

SINCE the death of Mr Dulles, the Eisenhower administration has made some effort to adapt its foreign affairs strategy, which was shaped to meet the needs of the Cold War, to the new pattern of Peaceful Co-existence. But the President's inability to exercise effective central control has allowed the Dulles tradition to survive in many areas of policy. Apart from the special case of the Caribbean, the most important example is the Far East, where the administration has failed to learn that a combination of guns, dollars and political pressure cannot transform millions of underprivileged Asians into 'reliable' anti-Communists. And now in Laos, the US has provoked a crisis which must end sooner or later in its own discomfiture.

The US record in Laos is strikingly bad. The seven-years Indo-China war should have proved, conclusively, that South-East Asia could not be drafted to the western cause. The correct pattern – the orderly transfer of power to broad-based political parties – was followed by Britain in Burma and, later, in Malaya. But Mr Dulles – as suspicious of neutralism as ever Stalin was – was never prepared to take the risk which the creation of sovereign democracies must involve. Frustrated in his attempt to internationalise the Indo-China conflict, he declined formal US participation in the 1954 Geneva conference and refused to endorse the agreement which, among other things, guaranteed free elections in both Vietnams, as well as the neutrality of Laos. So long as Sir Anthony Eden, as co-guarantor of the settlement, held power, Mr Dulles was restrained in his attempts to upset its provisions and transform Laos, Cambodia and South Vietnam into western satellites. But after Suez the paramount need to restore Britain's position in Washington led Mr Macmillan to allow Mr Dulles his head in South-East Asia.

Now Mr Macmillan has at last woken up to his responsibilities. He has acted late, but perhaps not too late, for there are a number of factors working for peace. It is unlikely that a US administration would commit itself even to a local war a mere fortnight before its departure, especially since the US would be acting against the advice of its principal allies. Then, too, Mr Kennedy, hag-ridden by the narrowness of his victory and inevitably thinking of the 1962 Congressional elections, must be determined to avoid inaugurating his presidency with 'another Democratic war'. China, for its part, is harassed by internal troubles (for once cautious advice from Moscow may be falling on receptive ground). In any case, it has an interest in preserving Laotian neutrality: for even if a Communist satellite could be established there without war, it would inevitably provoke the US to increase its military commitment in neighbouring Thailand. Finally, a diplomatic instrument for a settlement already exists: the mixed three-power supervisory commission.

But it is vital that, when the Geneva mechanism is brought into play again, the US should be persuaded to give it the formal backing which was refused in 1954. Indeed, there is an excellent case for reconvening the conference, with the full participation of the new US administration. For the evident failure of US policy, coupled with the remarkable restraint shown so far by both Russia and China, make the Laos crisis, paradoxically, a suitable occasion for an attempt at a permanent settlement in the area.

But it is equally important that America should learn the wider lessons of Laos. The attempt to convert backward communities, whose only wish is to be left alone, into bastions of anti-Communism ends by transforming them into reluctant Communists. There is a close parallel with the Caribbean, as this weeks' Cuban news well illustrates. There, the US insistence on 'reliable' republics, and its clumsy attempts to curb Latin-American nationalism, play directly into the hands of the Communists. Mr Dulles saw the world in terms of God and the Devil. Mr Kennedy will perhaps realise that there is an honourable, and useful, place for political agnosticism.

Comments on the Week's News

Brussels

Solidarity and Separatism

A Correspondent writes: The New Year holiday did nothing to weaken the Belgian strike. On the contrary, this week's demonstrations – embittered by widespread arrests and an increasing show of force by the government – show that the strikers propose to go on resisting the 'misery law' and even, if necessary, to extend the strike to safety-men in the mines and maintenance workers in the steel industry. The turning-point may come towards the end of the week. Though M. Eyskens has had to delay the passage of the law, and to agree to discuss possible amendments, he still commands a sufficient majority to push it through: on Tuesday the Socialist motion of censure was defeated by 121 to 83 votes. If he chooses this course it is difficult to forecast the future. The Socialists from the Walloon areas, where they and the striking unions are strongest, are already talking of a separatist movement – as they did during the riots that preceded Leopold's abdication.

M. Eyskens, however, may decide not to drive his opponents so far. The stronger they seem to be, the more likely a compromise. In the last few days the strike seems to have been gaining ground in the Flemish districts, and the leaders of the Catholic unions, which have so far abstained, are feeling a good deal of pressure from their members. If they, with the Catholic centre politicians and, possibly, the King, feel that the intransigence of M. Eyskens is likely to lead to an irreparable split, then the Premier could be forced to give way. Talks are already going on between the Catholic and Socialist unions in Flanders, which may open the way to a settlement.

In the meantime, the Executive of the National Union of Railwaymen has asked its members not to work any 'black' Belgian vessels at British ports. Its quick response to the appeal from the International Transport Workers Federation should be an example not only to its own rank and file, but to other British unions whose aid is sought for the biggest and most important official strike which Europe has seen since the war.

Paris

Voting for Godot

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The credulity of French political commentators continues to astonish me. They never learn. Each time the General is due to speak, a select group of them is invited to the Elysée and given a preview of the speech. So, on this occasion, heavy headlines in *Le Monde*, *France-Soir*, etc, informed their readers that, at last, de Gaulle would 'officially launch the idea of peace-talks,' and that he would 'describe what type of guarantees he will demand on behalf of the Europeans of Algeria in the course of the coming negotiations with the FLN.' Then came the actual speech: one can read it and re-read it without finding anything of the sort.

Nobody expected the referendum campaign, interrupted as it has been by the Christmas and New Year festivities, to be particularly lively. But in fact it has been virtually non-existent. The official election placards in front of the town-halls are still, for the most part, bare. There have been hardly any meetings. Radio appeals have gone unheard. The 'great public debate on Algeria' has simply not occurred.

The only person to get a hearing has been de Gaulle himself – naturally enough, for he is the only man who knows what the vote is supposed to be about. But he has been singularly unwilling to share his knowledge. In fact he discussed himself rather than Algeria. He said that a massive 'yes' vote would give him great pleasure, that it would allow him to take action; but he did not indicate what precisely that action would be. To be sure, he hinted that, if there were too many 'no' votes, or even a large number of abstentions, he might find it impossible to continue his task; but here again he did not make it clear how many such votes would be required to drive him back to Colombey-les-Deux-Eglises.

Since nobody knows exactly what the General will do, it is difficult for the opposition to oppose him. To the public, therefore, their attitude must seem purely negative. No doubt the General is fully aware of the tactical advantage which his very vagueness gives him. Indeed, while many observers attribute his handling of the referendum campaign to sheer megalomania, I'm inclined to put it down to shrewd political instinct.

In Algeria, of course, the problem is more complicated. The authorities there have virtually admitted that the army will ensure that the Moslems vote according to instructions. But which instructions? The General's or the *ultras*'? M. Debré has travelled personally to Algiers to keep the army loyal for the appointed day, and the Delegate-General, M. Morin, has been scurrying around army posts accompanied by the C-in-C, General Crepin. Indeed, perhaps the most interesting aspect of the result will be its indication of the army's attitude.

Meanwhile, here are two interesting items, both unconfirmed. First, it is said that large-scale deliveries of Chinese arms in Morocco are the prelude to a massive FLN offensive on the western Algeria frontier – timed to coincide with the conference of African bigwigs (Nasser, Sekou Touré, Nkrumah and Ferhat Abbas) in Casablanca. Secondly, it is believed that the recent visit paid by the French *chargé d'affaires* in Tunis to General de Gaulle, after which he returned to Tunisia for an interview with M. Bourguiba, is a preview of secret talks with the FLN. These rumours, if confirmed, may well prove of greater significance than the referendum itself.

Bonn

Seasonal Good Will

JOHN MANDER *writes:* Last Saturday's signing of a Russian-West German trade agreement for 1961-1963 brought to an end one of the more melodramatic episodes in Bonn's relations with the eastern bloc. Like the previous day's agreement on inter-zonal trade between Bonn and Pankow (it is to continue, after all, for a further year), the signing of the Russian trade agreement represents a return to the *status quo ante.* Nobody doubts that, for agreement to be reached on both counts so rapidly, and almost simultaneously, there must have been hidden forces at work. Does the sudden lull in the Berlin struggle point to intervention from above? Is it intended, on the Russian side, as an Inauguration sop to Mr Kennedy? Or is there something in the rumour, current for some weeks in Bonn, of a Krushchev-Adenauer *rapprochement?*

Certainly, where West Germany is concerned, the eastern European press has been blowing hot and cold over the past few months. The vitriolic campaign against the alleged provocations by West German 'revisionist' organisations in West Berlin had given way, by December, to milder tones. An exchange of diplomatic pleasantries – Dr Adenauer went so far as to call Mr Krushchev 'a man with whom one can talk' – led to persistent rumours of a possible Krushchev-Adenauer meeting in the New Year. The East Germans, too, significantly failed to renew their political assault on West Berlin; the travel restrictions in Berlin, imposed in September, were handled with unexpected liberality. An equally unexpected move, after the abrupt denunciation of the inter-zonal trade agreement on 30 September, was the declaration two months later that negotiations with East Berlin were to be resumed – without, apparently, any definite political concessions on Pankow's part.

The *rapprochement,* if such it was, received a sharp setback on 12 December, the day when the new Russian-West German trade agreement was to be signed. A few hours before he was due to sign the treaty, the Russian ambassador, Mr Smirnov, was presented with a demand that the new agreement should cover – as in the past – West Berlin as well as West Germany (the old agreements had been valid 'for the West DM currency area'). Confronted with this ultimatum, Mr Smirnov refused to sign. Dr Adenauer, then on a bed of sickness, was faced with the possibility of a total breakdown in economic relations, after 1 January, between West Germany and the eastern bloc.

What action the aged Chancellor – he is 85 this week and his latest illness was more severe than has been generally admitted – then proceeded to take is still shrouded in mystery. But it is clear that he was determined not to allow the promise of better Russian-West German relations to be terminated in this way; concessions, probably financial, seem therefore to have been offered. It is,

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equally, clear that neither the Russians nor the East Germans were happy with the situation as it had developed during the autumn.

Both Russia and East Germany are desperately in need of West German machine tools, chemicals, and high-quality steel; a complete break would have caused confusion in the tightly planned COMECON countries of eastern Europe (East Germany's frantic efforts to find other suppliers are an admission of this). West Germany's difficulty, on the other hand, has been to find markets for Russian goods: one concession West Germany may have made is a promise to take a much larger quota of Russian oil. The importance of West Germany's economic ties with the eastern bloc has always been – the present agreements confirm this – primarily political. By using her economic power in this way, West Germany evidently hopes to shore up the political *status quo*. The latest moves suggest that this policy of buying time has had, once again, a limited success.

Uganda

The Eminence Grise

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: The most interesting feature of the critical situation which has developed in Buganda is the personal struggle between two of the Kabaka's ministers. Amos Sempa, Minister of Finance, will be remembered here as the very astute secretary of the Lukiko delegation which came over at the time of the Kabaka's deportation in 1953. Since the return of the Kabaka and the establishment of a constitutional government Sempa has become Buganda's Richelieu, moving silently behind the scenes, but always holding the reins and maneouvring policy. He is a rabid nationalist, but essentially a Buganda nationalist, determined to retain the Kabaka's feudal power, with himself always as the *éminence grise.*

Opposed to him is a more volatile figure, Minister of Education, Abu Myanga. Myanga is also a nationalist, but of the modern kind. He rejects feudalism and looks to a future in which Buganda can play a full part in the development of a strong Uganda state capable of standing on terms of equality with neighbouring Kenya and Tanganyika, perhaps even ultimately in a greater African federation. On his return home to Uganda from the university in England, for a time he took the lead in trying to build a nationalist party. Finding frustration there, he then made a surprising decision to join the Kabaka's government – after having vigorously opposed it – deciding that the only way to reform feudalism was from within its citadel.

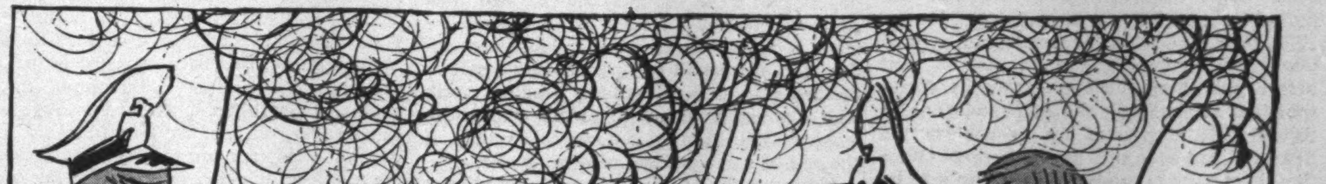
A few weeks ago it seemed that the movement towards Buganda independence and secession from the Uganda Protectorate, which was planned to culminate on 1 January, was losing momentum. From the moment that Amos Sempa returned from abroad, however, the movement towards independence was once more under full steam. In the last week-end's debate, the independence motion was passed in spite of Myanga's opposition. It is unlikely, however, that the Baganda will regard it with too much seriousness. At present, in fact, it seems to be mainly a ploy engineered by Sempa and his supporters to move their front far forward in preparation for the negotiations, which will take place later in the year, about the position of Buganda in the new Uganda state.

Town Planning

Bad Mark for the Bow Group

A Town Planning Correspondent writes: Called *Let Our Cities Live*, the latest Bow Group pamphlet urges changes in planning policies and machinery to fit this exhortation. Our great urban centres, the conurbations, must be allowed to spread and their older parts redeveloped more speedily. Secondly, two new ones of about 400,000 population each should be built to solve the overspill problems of London, Liverpool and the rest. Thirdly, 14 area planning councils should be appointed to plan and guide development on a regional basis. Lastly, the Planning Ministry should be so-called and should co-ordinate the development policies (on transport and industrial location in particular) of government departments.

Sadly for the Bow Group's reputation, the authors show a surprising ignorance of – or unwillingness to face – the facts of life in a free enterprise society. Green belts are described as an attempt 'to throttle that expansion which economic forces make natural and inevitable'. From this it is only a short step to stand the truth on its head and blame town planners for the chaos, discomfort and waste that characterise our large cities. To allow them to grow would simply add to the internal pressures on space, make conditions even more intolerable for a greater number, and retard redevelopment to satisfactory standards. The authors' naivety is most clearly illustrated by their proposal that a simple majority of owners in a 'redevelopment block' should be enabled to buy out the other owners and rebuild to a plan agreed with the local



' Go away, young man — I'm still at the helm !'

authority. To leave this vitally important task to spontaneous co-operation among private individuals is the one certain way to get nothing at all done. The most effective means of speeding city renewal to modern standards is by public acquisition of comprehensive areas, and their redevelopment by public and private interests, the latter buying or leasing sites. That other organ of the Conservative establishment, the Civic Trust, has even proposed that a public Land Finance Corporation be set up to overcome initial financing difficulties. This policy the pamphlet rejects simply because it means more public enterprise; and this should be confined to slum clearance. The proposal for two huge cities in Lincolnshire and Somerset is no more than a gimmick.

No thought has been given to the need for a massive concentration of building labour and much stricter controls over location of new factories and offices, or to the urgency of the overspill problem. A determined Socialist government might successfully pursue such a policy but not a prevaricating conservative one. It is only on regional planning and central co-ordination that the pamphlet has anything useful to say. For the rest, it is sprinkled with large errors of fact, false premises and unjustifiable conclusions.

Fleet Street

The Massacre That Wasn't

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes:* The story of a massacre that never happened – in Peking in 1900 – but which got large and lurid headlines in the *Daily Mail* has long held place among the legends of Fleet Street. More than any other single incident it was this that first pinned on the *Mail* and its proprietor, Northcliffe, their reputation for sensational 'yellow' journalism: somewhat unfairly, for in fact, before publishing the cable from its correspondent in Shanghai, the *Mail* had gone to considerable lengths to try to confirm the news and had been told by the Foreign Office that there were grounds for believing it to be true. The story of the massacre on the train from Elizabethville to Kamina is not perhaps likely to secure for itself quite so prominent a place in the history of the press. Nevertheless the way it was handled is instructive.

The original story of the massacre of at least 20 children, and the rape and wounding of many scores of other passengers under the eyes of UN troops by Baluba tribesmen, got big front page treatment in all the papers. It was detailed and lurid, telling of 'waves of tribesmen' attacking again and again 'with spears, clubs and razor sharp machettes', of blood-stained clothing left lying on the line, of pillage, rape and kidnapping. All the stories were credited to the AP of America correspondent in Elizabethville.

Even at this stage it seemed somewhat curious that no other newspaperman had got anything on it. Not so curious, however, as it might have seemed elsewhere, for the situation in the Congo is so confused and news so difficult to obtain and confirm that many of the ordinary rules of checking have inevitably to go by the board. The AP correspondent had not seen the massacre, but had been given news of it by a Katanga government spokesman, whose story was so circumstantial that it was natural to believe that it was based, in some part at any rate, on eye witness accounts. It was surprisingly vague about the actions of the Swedish UN troops, who were said to have travelled with the train to guard the passengers, but who, it was implied, had done little or nothing while they were murdered.

None of the foreign editors of the London papers – popular or serious – seems to have had any stirrings of doubt about the story when it arrived on the AP tape. 'Murder Under Eyes of UN Guards', reported the *Telegraph*, which led the paper with it under two-column headlines. 'Murder, Kidnap, Rape . . . "Horror Swoops On A School Train"' shouted the *Mirror*. The *Express* first page headline was 'Rebels Raid Train: "20 Die"'; the *Guardian's*, 'Massacre of The Innocents'; that of the *Mail*, 'Children In Rail Massacre'. 'Train In Congo Attacked By Tribesmen: 20 Reported Dead', said *The Times*. Not one paper, so far as I can trace, gave any warning that the story ought, perhaps, to be treated with some reservation.

The following day the denial arrived. It was, it will be recalled, emphatic and quite categorical, declaring the massacre story to be 'completely contrary to reality', in the words of a UN statement in Elizabethville, following an on-the-spot investigation by Colonel Byrne, the Irish commander. The train guards, it turned out, were Irish, not Swedish as the massacre report had stated, and the report itself apparently a wild exaggeration of an incident at Luena in which three people were killed. How did the newspapers deal with this? The only paper to give the denial the same prominence on its main news-page as the original massacre story was *The Times*. The *Telegraph* and *Guardian* relegated it to the back page. It was, however, reported fully. So also was it in the *Herald*, which indented it in black type on its middle page in order to make sure that those who had read of the massacre would now read the denial. Not so in the *Mail* and *Express*. The *Mail*, which had given the original massacre story a four-column headline, reported the denial in two small paragraphs at the end of another story and without any headline at all. The *Express* managed to do an even more masterly job, keeping it down to six lines at the end of a cable about something else.

However, the *Mail* and *Express* did at least acknowledge the denial. So, too, in a small paragraph. did the *Daily Sketch*. But not the *Mirror*, which, as far as my searches disclose, did not consider the real story worth a single line. True, the *Mirror* was pretty crowded that day. It had to devote most of its first page to the glad news that it had been given the 'Editorial Garland' on the ITV programme 'What The Papers Say' the previous night for 'Sheer Editorial Flair, Fun and Forcefulness' in 1960. I think it deserves it. But although flair, fun and forcefulness are all very well, it looks as if someone could do with a sharp reminder that the business of newspapers is to report the news.

During his time as chairman of the Press Council this column often crossed swords with Sir Linton Andrews about this and that – although on both sides the sword play, I hope, was touched with a certain affection. Now after 37 years in the editorial chair, first of the *Leeds Mercury* and then, for the last 21 years since the amalgamation of the two, of the *Yorkshire Post*, Sir Linton has, at the age of 74, retired. His career, which makes the transitory passage of the editors of most popular national papers seem like a hiccup in a bout of circulation biliousness, has been a great one, and of a character that gives the best provincial journalism its reputation.

NEXT WEEK

Profile of Graham Greene

with drawing by VICKY

Pritchett in Pakistan

Peking

Twixt Drought and Flood

A Student of the Chinese Press writes: The admission of food shortages, in some cases of famine, in the Peking *People's Daily* last Thursday was preceded by some months of propaganda on the agricultural front. Typhoon, floods and drought undoubtedly played havoc with production. But the extravagant glorification of agriculture is a recognition of the fact that while industry made a 'big leap', land programmes lagged.

The *Pei-ching Chou-pao* (18 October 1960) published a long theoretical article by Yang Ling. After underlining the infallibility of Mao Tse-tung, he wrote: 'Agriculture is the foundation of the national economy, industry is the dominant factor in the national economy – this is an objective law . . . The big leap forward in industry . . . urgently demands a corresponding increase in agricultural production, while at the same time providing more advantageous conditions for industry to play its dominant role in relation to agriculture'.

Ten T'o in the Peking *Jen-min Jih-pao* (24 October) described the thought of Comrade Mao Tse-tung about agricultural problems as 'extremely rich in content. It is strung together by a red thread, that is, by the principle that agriculture is the foundation for the development of national economy.' This writer made the calculation that China, a country founded on agriculture, had been 'ravaged by natural calamities more than 5,200 times' in the course of her history, with an average of a famine every six months. Flood first and then drought were the main recurring features, and the provinces to suffer most, and in this order, were Hopei, Honan, Shantung and Shansi. In the past, people were able to devise 'only passive measures, and there were few positive guidelines' in facing these calamities. 'Today and only today,' Ten T'o wrote, 'in the new era of people's democratic dictatorship under the leadership of the Chinese proletariat . . . the Chinese people are in a position to solve the problems of their agriculture in their entirety.'

Under communist rule, there had been no 'abatement in the onset of natural calamities'. This year, in particular, many provinces had drought for more than 100 days. In the north-east and the south, the land was water-logged. 'But,' Ten T'o points out, 'thanks to the numerous water conservancy projects, and especially to the people's commune system, characterised by "bigness and public ownership", the masses of peasants were able to exert their enormous revolutionary efforts to fight against the natural calamities and to create amazing achievements.'

Tens of thousands of writers, artists, intellectuals and scientists have gone to the countryside in the past few months to help both with production and flood or drought control. 'Go to the countryside to take up work,' the Peking *Kung-jen Jih-pao* wrote editorially in a recent issue. 'This is the most glorious duty as well as the most important station of work.' The heroes and heroines of this period in China are those who make outstanding performances in the countryside. One such man, who was given almost film-star publicity, was an employee of the Inner Mongolia Metallurgical and Mining Machine Works, who was quoted as saying: 'We come to the countryside today to fight shoulder to shoulder with our peasant brethren for the rapid transformation of the "poor and blank" look in the countryside. The living conditions are inferior to those of the city in some respects at the moment. But how can we cherish the sweet life without first tasting the bitter cup?' In the Peking *Jen-min Jih-pao* (12 November) Ko Sung wrote a lyrical article, 'Struggle is Happiness', dedicated to comrades departing for rural areas in support of the first line of agricultural production.

Even before the *People's Daily* suddenly revealed the magnitude of the food shortages following this year's sequence of flood and drought, one could read between the lines in the Chinese press that the Chinese people were facing difficulties. In October, for example, special stories were printed about Honan Province, the country's leading wheat producer, where 'thousands of tons of insecticides' were distributed to wipe out pests. In the same month, typhoons swept across Hainan Island, flattening about 70 per cent of the late rice. According to the New China News Agency, 'two-thirds of a million typhoon fighters were immediately mobilised. Some 20,000 hectares of ripened rice were gathered in immediately, and afterwards some 60 per cent of the flattened rice was restored erect and the water drained from the fields affected'.

Whatever else is under control in People's China, the winds and the waves that sweep her coasts still seem free to make havoc.

The Bad Earth

Flood, drought and famine are familiar afflictions in China. No year in its history has been without such calamities, and some of them were great disasters. But it is hard to make accurate comparisons between the present and the past: under the old regime news travelled slowly and inaccurately; poor communications made relief measures difficult; and refugees spilled out of the affected areas in search of food and shelter. Today the situation is different. The Peking government is certainly better informed than its predecessors, it has aircraft, trucks and an improved railway system to move supplies and relief workers, and its para-military administration enables it both to control the movement of stricken populations and to mobilise the remainder for emergency measures. So far the advantages lie on its side. But the lack of detailed and trustworthy information about events in China makes it almost impossible for the outsider to assess how well it has in fact coped with what the *People's Daily* calls 'the most serious natural calamities in the past century'.

The scale of the disaster is evident. In the past ten years, for all the efforts of the Communist government to develop flood control and irrigation schemes, to encourage the sinking of wells, and to plant large tracts of forest as protection against winds and aridity, the floods and droughts have been increasingly serious. In part they are freaks of nature and geography. The Chinese rivers are still beyond the effective control of a country rich in manpower but poor in capital equipment of all kinds; politics have nothing to do with the lack of rain for seven months in North China – a drought affecting almost one quarter of all the farm land in the country – or the torrential rains and typhoons that came after. All that a government can do is to mitigate their effects, to spread the sacrifice by rationing foodstuffs, and give priority to relief and rehabilitation measures.

There seems to be no doubt that Peking has been doing this. All through this year, its press and the party organisations have been putting increasing emphasis on rural problems – as a Student of the Chinese Press reports above. Food rations in the big cities have been going down, emergency shipments of insecticide have been sent to areas affected by pests, and medical and agro-technical teams have been despatched to stricken provinces. The 'disorganisation' of secondary industry reported last week seems to have been caused in part by the drafting of workers to emergency projects. It is also due to the transport difficulties caused by floods, and to shortages of the industrial crops normally processed by these factories.

Yet there remains a further question. Have these natural calamities struck with greater force because of the agricultural policies of the Communist regime? In the last decade much has been done to promote long-term schemes for flood control and afforestation; but the desire of the Communists to get quickly increasing yields from the land has led them into such risky ventures as using marginal lands, forest clearance, and crop policies that have caused soil exhaustion. (One clue here is the mass campaign now under way to accumulate manure of all kinds.) Such measures, combined with fortunate weather in 1958, produced the excellent harvest in the first year of the communes, and led to wildly optimistic claims: the 'great leap forward' in both agriculture and industry seems to have been based upon the unreal assumption that this success could be repeated in subsequent years. It has not. And though there may be food stocks still in hand from that windfall year which can mitigate present distress, Peking must now take a more realistic view of its prospects.

This, in fact, is the danger against which Moscow has been warning the Chinese for two years: Krushchev and his closest colleagues lived through the Ukrainian famine which developed when Stalin sought to push through collectivisation and industrialisation at the same time, and they have clearly been more than sceptical about China's chances of carrying out a huge rural reorganisation as a complement to the development of a modern industrial base. The problems of Russian agriculture were different from those of China, whose vast population lives closer to the subsistence line, and increases at a rate with which even increasing rural productivity could barely keep pace. But the essential problem that Russia faced was the same. How, in a predominantly rural and poorly organised society, to create the surplus to pay for industrialisation?

Stalin, at an immense human price, brought the USSR through that dilemma: industry was created, but agriculture remained stagnant, and living standards in both town and country were low. In a generation when the Soviet Union was reaching out to the stars, it had no more cattle than in 1914. Only now, when Soviet industry is strong, has Krushchev found it politically and economically possible to begin to conciliate the peasantry and to reconsider Stalin's dogmas about Russian agriculture.

Leaders of a peasant revolution, the Chinese Communists at first seemed inclined to avoid the troubles Stalin faced in the countryside. And, unlike the Russians, they could look for credits and technical help from other Communist states with more advanced economies. But, by 1956, it was already clear that, even if they wished to learn the lessons of Stalinism and regard the warnings from Moscow, they were being driven to drastic rural policies. It is difficult enough, with primitive agriculture, to feed more than 600 million people; if a surplus must be created, both to sustain an industrialisation programme and pay for at least part of the aid received from Russia and eastern Europe, something had to be done on a large scale to raise rural output.

To turn to incentives for the individual peasant – an NEP device – might give temporary relief in the more prosperous areas. But China had no effective market economy, and it did have, in the Communist Party and the Red Army, a nation-wide machine which could direct collective action. There was, moreover, a real need to absorb the landless peasants and provide winter work in the villages, where much of the population was idle after the harvest. Whatever their original intentions, therefore, the Communist leaders were led inexorably towards the system of communes, in which manpower could be mobilised at the lowest level, and under some kind of central control.

It was not the principle of collective rural organisation to which the Russians objected. Their misgivings were due, first, to the pace and scale on which the commune movement proceeded; secondly, to the inexperience of the Chinese in handling agriculture on this scale with very limited technical resources; and thirdly, to the grandiloquent theory by which the Chinese justified the whole project. As the movement went on they knew, before anyone else, of the 'excesses' to which it led – the ravages of insect pests in 1960 may well have been intensified by the campaign against sparrows in 1959 – and of the chaos caused by the effort to graft primitive industry on to the communes. If China had been lucky with the weather, as in 1958, the Russians might have merely seemed jealous Jeremiahs: but natural disasters have temporarily undone the great leap forward, and put new burdens on the whole Communist bloc. It is now much more easy to understand the bitterness of the polemic between Mao and Krushchev.

From the present misfortunes of China two conclusions may be drawn. One is that, as a means of solving the problems of developing a backward Asian economy, Communism seems less effective and possibly less attractive to China's neighbours than it did two years ago. It has not failed, but China's difficulties make it rather more easy to discuss other methods. The other is that these calamities should not be treated as an occasion for the West to rejoice at the troubles of Peking. On the contrary, this may be the moment when a timely offer of aid – for all the touchiness of the Chinese – might help to build a bridge over the gulf that separates China from the rest of the world. She is already seeking to import grain from Australia and Canada, and if London could offer long-term credits it would be to the mutual advantage of our economy and China's millions, struggling for life on the bad earth.

Damn the Authors!

J. B. PRIESTLEY

Some colleagues of mine, admirably led by Sir Alan Herbert, have been trying to ensure that authors receive a little more money from all the books of theirs that are borrowed from libraries. The proposed bill was talked out by a Labour member, a professional man too, who declared that contemporary English writers did not need any more money, that many of them were making more than Shakespeare and Scott did. This is simply not true, so long as sensible, due allowance is made both for the purchasing power of money and taxation.

Making this allowance, I say that no contemporary English dramatist earns as much as Shakespeare did, just as no theatre of ours holds as much money as, for example, the Globe did. As for Scott, I say that if the whole Council of the Society of Authors pooled their net incomes they could not build, maintain and staff an Abbotsford. Furthermore, not only is the contemporary author far worse off than the mid-Victorian author, his earning capacity has declined rapidly during the 40 years I have been a professional writer. For example, 30 years ago I was receiving a royalty of 2s. 7½d. per copy for my novels, today I get 3s. If this Labour member will explain how to make 3s. go as far as 2s. 7½d. 30 years ago, I will withdraw any charge that he was talking mischievous nonsense.

But what seemed to me significant, for a reason I shall produce later in this lament, was the peculiar tone of the librarians' protest against the scheme proposed by Sir Alan and his colleagues. It was so bitter, so venomous, that it made one feel that these librarians had been hating authors for years. Take, for example, their statement that if so many authors found it hard to earn a decent living these days, then these wretched scribblers had better try some other means of livelihood. Now during the time I have been a professional writer, I have on several occasions declared in public that librarians in this country were shockingly underpaid, But I never suggested, with a shrug of contempt, that they had better give up trying to work among books and find a job in a bicycle factory. What then is the matter with these librarians, who after all depend for their living upon books and their writers?

The truth is, I am afraid, that they have been infected by our whole society. And, though not very bold men, they felt for once they could speak out because they could be sure of a wide public support. The English-speaking peoples, not only the British but the Americans, the Canadians, the Australians and the rest, appear to have now a dislike of authors. It is very odd because, after all, the English-speaking peoples are famed and widely honoured for the literature they have produced. And even Dr Johnson, not a man fond of easy enthusiasm and perfervid statements, could write: 'The chief glory of every people arises from its authors.' After being well dined and wined, our politicians have been known to refer favourably to 'our glorious heritage of English literature.' It does not seem to occur to them that the men who created that literature were once alive – and only authors.

In America there have been samplings of public opinion to discover how various professions and occupations are regarded. Writers are so far from the top they only just get into the list at all. They have only to slip an inch and they are among the riffraff and criminal element. Nevertheless, when a literate president is in the White House, I think authors receive a little more attention in Washington than they do in Establishment London. The Library of Congress recognises the existence of American poets. Most of our members of parliament probably imagine that all the English poets died years ago. And well they might! The only time I wangled a Civil List pension for an old poet, he was awarded £100 a year. If he had only been part of a rocket – or a horse!

The official view of the author's status was made plain during the war. Many writers of great intelligence, distinction, experience, hot with patriotism, offered their services to the government. If any one of them was given a job of real importance, it escaped my notice. At the Ministry of Information they were at once given all the inferior posts, under the direction of lawyers, dons, advertising men, anybody but writers. The mistrust or dislike of authors was far more obvious in the Second World War than in the First. The contrast between Britain and other countries, notably France, became even sharper. Any English writer has only to go abroad to feel immediately that his status has changed for the better.

I do not blame anybody for not wanting a rogue elephant like me on the committee or in the board room – though I have done some good service in my time – but the public neglect of my friends and colleagues makes me angry. I know elderly writers who have all the qualifications and experience for positions of authority and trust, yet nothing comes their way. When the board of governors, the directorate, the executive committee, the trustees, are being chosen, the worst politician, lawyer, moneylender or busybody will be preferred to an author. It is the same with honours. Players turn up in every list, but not playwrights. It is the same with honorary degrees. I am willing to bet that English universities, new and old, give fewer honorary degrees to authors than any other universities in the world. Again, American universities are always inviting writers to join their faculties for a year or so; but if this happens in England, it is being kept a dead secret.

There are countries in which authors are regarded as deservedly privileged citizens. (I once met a foreign writer who was astounded to learn that I paid any taxes at all.) But here even any idea of equity is abandoned when it comes to taxing authors. I am not blaming the tax-gatherers themselves, who try to be fair; it is the system that is murderous. For example, a young playwright lives in a basement on fish and chips and stale buns for years, trying to write a successful play; and then suddenly he has a smash hit and makes a lot of money. He is taxed as if he owned half Mayfair. Within three or four years he may be back in that basement. And if that is what can happen to the young author, whose jackpot has been snatched by the Treasury, what can happen to the elderly author is much worse.

His publisher can sell his business for a nice tax-free lump sum; his agent can do the same thing; but the author, whose work helped to build these businesses, must go through the mincing machine of taxation until he drops dead. (As our brave friend, Sir Compton Mackenzie, fighting his way through all the courts, found to his cost.) But as soon as our author drops dead, what was income instantly becomes capital, subject to death duties. And these death duties are payable on what is estimated to be the value of his copyrights, on imaginary sales of film rights and God knows what else. So an author who thought he had left his wife and family provided for, out of savings he had scraped together, could in fact leave them without a penny, because his estate is liable for death duties on money it has never had and may indeed never have.

Again, I have no doubt the officials concerned do their best, but they cannot pretend to be experts on literary fashion and therefore may easily over-estimate the value of copyrights. I knew a girl who not only found herself without a penny after the death of her father, a well-known writer, but also had most of her clothes taken away and sold to help pay his debt to the Treasury. All this in a country that allows men to make tax-free fortunes out of all manner of anti-social jiggery-pokery! And it is worth remembering that the Labour Party had five years in which to put this right, and never did a thing.

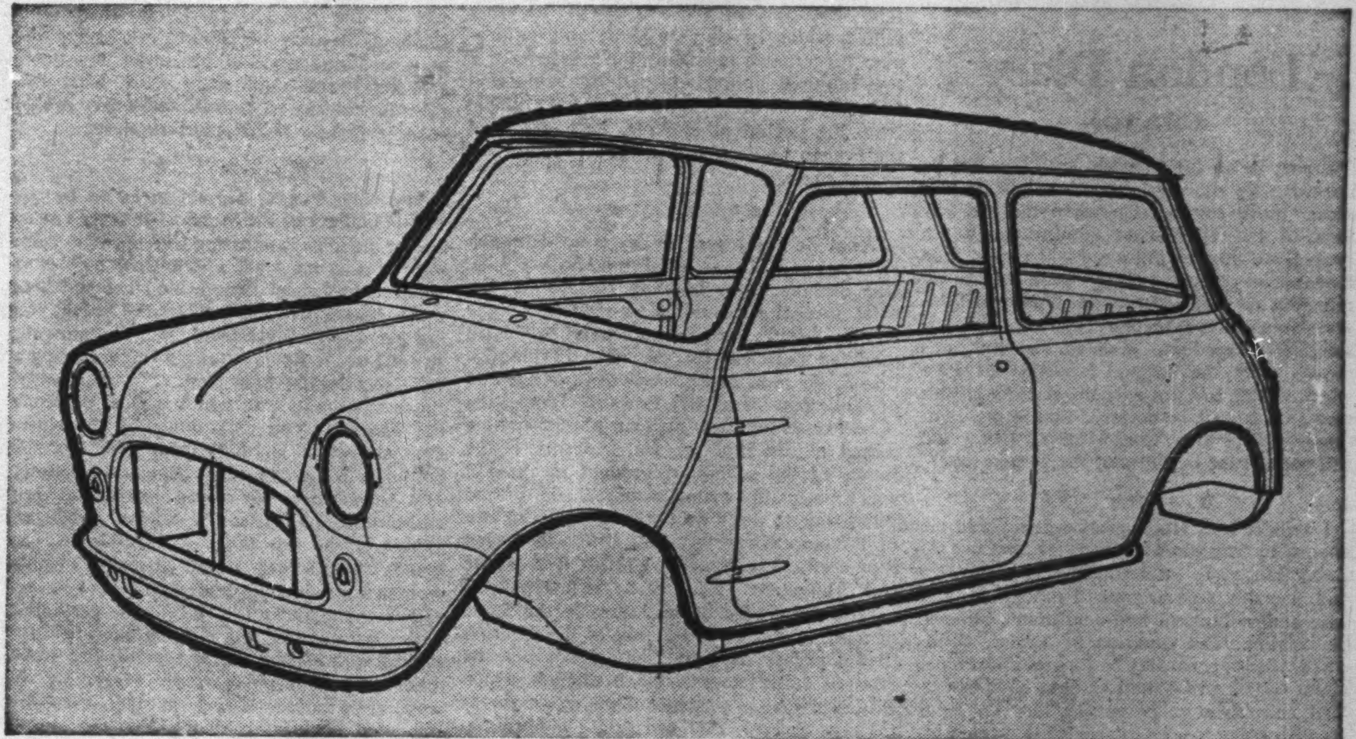
The politicians don't care because we have not enough votes between us and no strong union. But it goes deeper than that. The politicians know that if they decided to remedy the injustices and tried to ease some of the burdens of authorship, they would get no applause from the country. Both the press (with a very few exceptions) and the public would be against them. And anyhow they themselves largely share this common hostility to authors. The librarians knew they were running no risks when they made haste to snarl and spit at Sir Alan and his colleagues. And we must remember that this hostility is directed against authors *qua* authors, highbrow or lowbrow, successful or unsuccessful, old or young.

We must now ask ourselves why among the English-speaking peoples, with their great literary tradition, there is now this dislike, often deepening to hatred, of the author. It belongs to our own time. Certainly it did not exist 100 years ago, when Dickens's tours were a triumph and pilgrimages were made to the Isle of Wight to catch a distant glimpse of Tennyson. I remember none of it before the First World War. True, the mass media have provided the big public with idols of their own; but this would explain indifference, not the hostility that runs from the streets, through the press, into the Treasury and the House of Commons. And it is this we have to explain. Why does our very existence, without reference to the quality of the work we offer the public, appear to antagonise people of so many different kinds?

Having come so far, I cannot dodge the question. I believe the author is now an unpopular figure because he seems to most people to represent a freedom they know they no longer possess. He is an irritating reminder, even if on an unconscious level, of something people feel they have lost. He suggests a wild animal lurking near a zoo. He is one of the last survivors of an old tradition. He is still outside the various patterns of political and social conformity. He is 'irresponsible' because even now he can determine his own responsibilities, to which in fact every serious writer devotes much time and thought. His freedom cannot be simply suppressed, especially in the English-speaking countries, because a tradition, to which great lip-service

This is Broadsheet No. 21 from the City of Steel

NEW DEVELOPMENT IN STEELMAKING!



This is a British car body—typical of many which are built from sheet steel, and composed of many complex pressings. The wings are among the more difficult parts to press into their intricate shape. The new VLN steel is helping with problems of this kind.

Revolutionary VLN process cuts down nitrogen, gives greater flexibility

From this year on, the versatility of steel, the flexibility of steel, will be even greater. The reason: a new steelmaking process developed at The Steel Company of Wales, Britain's City of Steel.

The name of the process is VLN; in full, Very Low Nitrogen. And the significance of VLN is fundamental.

The motor car industry, and all other industries which press sheet steel, require certain of their steel to have great *ductility:* that is, the ability to be pressed into intricate shapes without breaking.

In making steel for this purpose, a vital consideration is its nitrogen content; for the less nitrogen a steel contains, the longer it will remain ductile. Mild sheet steel made by the new VLN process has the lowest nitrogen content in the world.

UNIQUE PROCESS

The VLN process is unique. Already it has been proved not just in theory but in practice. As you read this, a VLN plant, consisting of three oxygen/steam blown 50-ton converters, is in full production at the City of Steel. So confident is the Company in the future for VLN that it is about to install a fourth converter.

Unless you are a manufacturer who uses sheet steel, you will hardly be conscious of VLN and certainly not of its practical advantages.

But this does not mean that VLN will not affect you; for without such developments, Britain's industries could not long succeed in the tough competition of world trade; and the success of our industries affects us all.

THE STEEL COMPANY OF WALES LIMITED

is paid, cannot be openly abandoned; so he is a nuisance, and is treated like one.

In Communist countries authors enjoy many privileges but are denied the essential right of bringing books out of full free minds. The absence of this right is almost always mentioned when Communism is being attacked. But the truth is that the possession of this right, this freedom we are always boasting about, makes the author the irritating anachronistic figure regarded on all sides with hostility. If there was some quiet effective way of trapping and taming the creature, it would be tried and would meet with little or no public opposition. Meanwhile, no nonsense about privileges here! If he *will* be an author, still claiming this dubious freedom, then *by jove* and *by crikey* – the cry ringing out from the House and the Treasury to the readers of the *Daily Mess* – let the so-and-so do it the hard way!

London Diary

CHARON

Living in an interregnum certainly has its hazards. We shall – I hope – all be feeling rather more comfortable when the last few days of the Eisenhower administration are over. Even then its influence will persist. The Republican party has always been stubbornly reluctant to part with power. Our own Conservatives can give them a lead here. The outstanding precedent, perhaps, is Balfour's speech after the Liberal landslide of 1906 when, having lost not only the election but his own seat as well, he declared that in power or opposition the great Conservative Party would still control the destinies of the Empire!

* * *

I wonder how Hemingway will react to the appeal to American citizens to get out of Cuba. His early pronouncements on Castro and the new regime were distinctly favourable and so far as I know he hasn't changed his opinion. The situation in Miami, meanwhile, where, according to reports in London, about 40,000 anti-Castro Cubans have assembled, armed, must be getting like *To Have And To Have Not* on a large scale. I think we can assume that, if one-armed Harry Morgan were still with us, he might object to his boat being chartered by a gangster-expeditionary force in the name of Batista.

* * *

You do not realise what a huge slice of social sponge cake the New Years Honours List comprises until you have given it a little concentrated study. Two full pages of *The Times*. The top-liners are easily digested. You approve plainly well-merited distinctions like Tom Williams's life peerage, Professor Lovell's knighthood, and the faintly more imaginative awards to representatives of the arts: Tyrone Guthrie, Alan Rawsthorne, Margaret Rutherford – almost a work of supererogation to give one of Nature's dames an OBE. You accept with resignation the advancement of Squire Takeover, and applaud the British Empire Medal for Miss Nellie Cotterill, the Station Refreshment Room Manageress, Crewe. But a complete annotation would keep a staff of private eyes busy for weeks. The laconic style of some of the entries in the Foreign Office section are very tantalising . . . 'X Y British Resident in . . .' Can this be our man in Havana, Rio, Buenos Aires, Lima? Perhaps; but he is more likely to be a pillar of the British colony, former acting vice-consul, with a framed letter on the drawing room piano from the Duchess of Gloucester to thank his wife for organising comforts for the troops during the war.

* * *

Whenever I see a modern Honours List I think how Maundy Gregory, the preposterous baroque title-broker of the Twenties, would have gnashed his teeth at the institution of life peerages. In those far-off degenerate days his argument, whenever the wavering client seemed on the verge of settling for a simple knighthood instead of something more expensive and hereditary, was always: 'Remember, my dear sir, you have the opportunity of founding a dynasty.' A quite important part of old Friday's – as Birkenhead and Seely used to call him – stock in trade was honours from foreign governments. One of his vaunted lines was the Portuguese Order of the Holy Ghost, which he claimed to be able to procure for suitable recipients for a matter of a few hundred pounds. It had the additional advantage of being almost indistinguishable from the Legion of Honour. This infuriated the French who claimed it was crippling their export trade.

* * *

What we really need to-day is not so much an Honours List as an Immunisation List. One shrinks from pointing the bones, but what a relief it would be to read that some of the world's worst frighteners had been rendered harmless for the next 12 months. One of the most conspicuous towards the end of last year was Dr Edward Teller, the American-Hungarian nuclear physicist, now turned nihilist-publicist. He, it seems, is the father of the school of thought in the US which maintains that it is unrealistic, indeed unhealthy, to dwell on the apocalyptic nature of thermo-nuclear war and better to accept it as a means to something rather than as the end. This seems to me to be an example of a rather new kind of unrealism in the name of realism which could be one of the scourges of this decade. If I am right, this is just the kind of false irresponsible prediction which Professor Gabor singled out the other day as the type or error that can ruin a civilisation.

* * *

Among the unwritten obituary notices of last year was one of Myles Mordaunt who died in November aged 54. Myles Francis Plunket Mordaunt, an Irish journalist who hadn't written anything for rather a long time because of illness. I wish I could catch the essence of this unusual eccentric personality in a paragraph. He looked, during the last few years of his life, after he had made a remarkable recovery from a stroke that had laid him unconscious for many weeks, like a combination of Trotsky, James Joyce and a Kentucky colonel. Until then he had been almost too young for his age, loose-limbed, bony, given to sudden simian leaps over chairs. His life was a curious sidelong crabwise procession of getting nowhere. His first job was as boy cartoonist for an Irish Republican paper in Dublin during the civil war after the Treaty. Almost his last salaried occupation was mortuary attendant in Marylebone during the blitz, of which he later gave a most eloquent account in a broadcast. He never supported any but hopelessly lost causes, the last being Timothy Evans, the unfortunate tenant of Rillington Place, hanged for murders that may have been committed by Christie. When he was on his day, his conversation could be brilliantly entertaining and people who met him for ten minutes were sometimes spellbound. He was apt to become cantankerous and monomaniacal, though he preserved an underlying sweetness of disposition rather deeply buried. He never seemed to be depressed. Once, when I remarked on some unusually spectacular feat of self-sabotage he had performed, he grinned and said: 'It's well known that every man is his own worst enemy but I always put my best side into the field.' He always reminded me of the passage in Lange-Eichbaum's sociological study of *Genius*, comparing the perpetual students and eccentrics to shoots growing round some main stem; what this stem was in Myles' case I could never decide – some Dublin archetype, I suppose.

A New Diarist

We greet in this issue a new regular London Diarist who will write under the pseudonym of Charon. Critic, who has contributed the London Diary for 30 years, will occasionally appear as a very welcome visitor to this page.

* * *

My New Year's vice threatens to be the Public Gallery of the Stock Exchange. This is one of the most fascinating free shows in London. It is to me what a strip-tease club is to the stockbroker of fiction. You can go there either (as some of the regulars do) to feel you are keeping in touch with your investments, or (as I do) to flatter yourself you are doing a little sociological field work. It's like one of those ants' nests into which a glass peephole has been let. You look down on the entire floor and watch anything from 1,500 to 2,500 hominids busy with their paper transactions. It's been open for seven years but not enormously publicised. It was a stroke of genius of the committee to institute it. The gallery guides are smart attractive young women in red coats and skirts, air-hostessy rather than studentish; they give periodical little lectures on the loudspeaker, always ending with *dictum meum pactum*. The Stock Exchange atmosphere, with everything so apparently informal yet in fact carefully regulated, is curiously strong. You can almost feel them believing in the law of supply and demand as an article of faith. I was glad to see the traditional Stock Exchange humour (God help the victims of it) preserved in spite of public inspection. On the last trading day of the old year I watched an obvious wag improvise a wig for himself out of the wrapping of a chocolate box and make a mock speech, punctuated by an electric light that flashed on and off in his tie. What was he up to? The Lady Chatterley trial, perhaps? It would be better if one could lip-read; worth taking field glasses anyway.

* * *

The greatest Stock Exchange practical joker of all time was a gent named Eck who flourished at the turn of the century. He was a double of Edward VII. His greatest coup was staged in the Nineties when it was announced that the Prince of Wales would visit the Stock Exchange. Eck, suitably attended by a bogus equerry or two, arrived in state ahead of the royal party, was officially received and made a short tour at the end of which he revealed himself by a guttural cry of: 'Well, you are a lot of bloody fools.' When the Prince arrived, he was outraged by the roars of simple jovial laughter.

This England

Prizes £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Among the names of those who support 'unilateral' (or in plainer English 'one-sided') nuclear disarmament I see some who simultaneously support other strange causes.

These include the abolition of capital punishment for murder, abandonment of overseas territories long before they are ready to look after themselves (and regardless of the safety of our compatriots), blind support of the palsied United Nations and denigration of the vital shield of Nato, condonation of homosexual practices, premature release of dangerous lunatics, no corporal punishment for young criminals, sale of near-pornography to all and sundry, suppression of boxing and hunting, and so forth – practically all of which measures could well have been specifically designed by our enemies for our national undoing. – Letter in *Daily Telegraph*. (Barrie Evans.)

It is not true for Maj-Gen A. W. Holbrook to say that in two world wars we tried to kill as many Germans as possible. Owing to the British sense of restraint, decency and fair play among commanders down to the lowest rank it would be more true to say that we tried to kill only as many as necessary. – Letter in *Daily Telegraph*. (G. S. Newman.)

A Walk with Mr Betjeman

TOM DRIBERG

Mr John Betjeman has described himself, with characteristically bilingual modesty, as 'the Ella Wheeler Wilcox *de nos jours*'. It might be juster to find in him – at least in his tastes and aspirations – something of Hopkins (since he, too, loves 'the weeds and the wilderness' and 'all things counter, original, spare, strange'), and to liken his personality, with the manic-depressive alternations of mood common in his verse, to that of Edward Lear. Mr Betjeman, like Mr Lear (who wept 'by the side of the ocean', as well as 'on top of the hill'), weeps almost all the time – by the ocean-side from which rises the hideous bulk of a nuclear power-station, on the hilltop threatened by an eruption of huts and wireless masts. Mr Lear, it will be remembered, liked to purchase 'chocolate shrimps from the mill'. Betjeman's chocolate shrimps are the treasured vestiges of pre-industrial or early-industrial architecture now vanishing as fast as the unspoiled coast and country which he loves equally.

Such agonies and delights are present to him with almost unbearable intensity in the City – the City of London – in which he has a working maisonette hard by the Norman church of St Bartholomew the Great and the hospital which he visits regularly. It is a rare pleasure – one which fell to me recently – to spend some hours exploring the City on foot with Mr Betjeman.

It would indeed be difficult, with traffic as it is, to undertake such an expedition otherwise than on foot – though, when I arrived in Cloth Fair at the appointed time, empty-handed and not wearing trouser-clips, he gave me a glance of slight disapproval and said: 'I've booked a table at the Mermaid . . . As you haven't brought a bicycle, we shall have to walk.' I did not mind: it was a crisp day of pale winter sunshine. We set out across the open square of West Smithfield, several persons who may have been bummarees saluting Mr Betjeman with the respectful familiarity now transferred from the squirearchy to the television 'personality'. He waved lingeringly towards the hospital on our left: 'You know the Hogarth staircase there'.

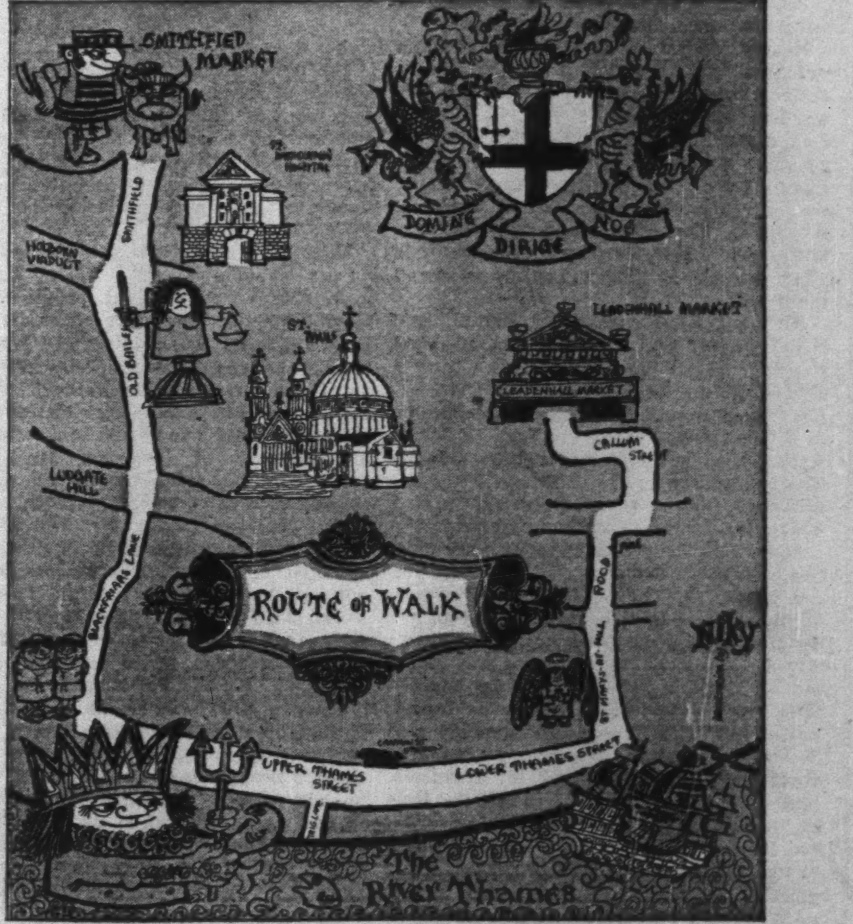
Then he pulled me across the road, dodging a van whose driver looked more alarmed than angry, turned towards the main hospital and its southward extensions and said: 'If you stand *here*' – he described an arc from left to right – 'you can see the deterioration of architecture since the early 19th century superbly done . . . It's really a complete perspective of English architecture in stone for so long as there were load-bearing walls – EE, Perp (look, over to the left, there), then there's that 17th-century brick, Middlesex style, mannered Wren style, then Regency, then good early Victorian, then fussy late Victorian, then hopelessly fussy Edwardian.'

We walked downhill past St Sepulchre's, Holborn Viaduct; the drinking-fountain here was the first erected (1859) by the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain Association. St Sepulchre's was near the gateway to the City as you approached it from the west: now, as you approach it from the west, its stately 15th-century tower is hidden by the tall new cube of Remington House. If I had noticed it before, I had never realised why Old Bailey – the street – widens out towards its northern end, where a green wooden hut now stands. This extra space was for the crowds who came to watch the public executions. So were the pubs opposite – the Magpie and Stump and the rest.

Betjeman: 'You remember the *Ingoldsby Legends*? They hired rooms at the inn and then drank too much while waiting for the hanging, and slept through it.' What is usually called the Old Bailey – the Central Criminal Court – is 'a very dull job by E. W. Mountford, a winner of competitions who used to get people into his office who could draw in the styles of the assessors.' It replaced Dance's Newgate jail – 'a masterpiece, though a grim masterpiece, with rusticated stone and iron chains let into the walls; based on Piranesi . . .'

We went on south and down. The City sky was a riot of new cubes. Mr Betjeman gave a gesture of distaste towards one of them: 'Look at that —— thing there! A straight piece of copybook contemporary, disregarding the lines of Ludgate Hill . . .' But he was full of praise for a Midland Bank branch by T. E. Collcutt (architect of the Imperial Institute, a famous defunct restaurant, the Holborn, and the Palace Theatre – the first theatre to be constructed with cantilevered circles and, therefore, no pillars to block the view): 'See – granite base, terra cotta above, and then brick . . . Look at that moulding' – he stroked it – 'how delicate . . .'

In Black Friars Lane he stopped again, and made me look round. It was almost the only point in the City, he said, from which any of Wren's steeples could still be seen as he meant them to be seen, rising above buildings three or four storeys high: from here we could see St Martin's, Ludgate, and St Bride's. And here was another treasure intact: Apothecaries' Hall, its 17-century buildings set about a secluded courtyard, like a college or almshouse quadrangle. 'It's very nice, isn't it? I can't think why it's still up. I suppose it's because it's Early.' Then, through a void soon to be filled by the new offices of *The Times*, we had the last sight we shall have from there of the dome of St Paul's, radiant in the late-afternoon sun, and were soon at the busy Blackfriars road-junction.



Here are two curiosities for amateurs of Victoriana: a pub, the Black Friar, whose exterior and interior decor is 'the most perfect *art nouveau* in London', with marble and mosaic panels and elaborate bronze reliefs of monks quaffing (signed Henry Poole, RA) and such texts as 'Industry is all'; and, on the dreary front of Blackfriars station, a quaint matching of the holiday resorts to which Victorian travellers could set forth hence – Herne Bay and Lausanne, Margate and Leipsic (*sic*), Beckenham and Baden-Baden, Walmer and Wiesbaden, Westgate-on-Sea and St Petersburg. (Mr Betjeman once went in and asked for a ticket to St Petersburg: the clerk referred him to Victoria (Continental) without a flicker of surprise.) Oh, and just round the corner, towards the bridge, looking sadly tatty, is the Blackfriars District Railway station: most of the thousands who pass it daily probably haven't noticed that it's in the Moorish style.

A restorative break at the Mermaid (including Cornish mead) fortified us for the walk along Upper Thames Street. Betjeman: 'This is the only part of the City that's concerned physically with merchandise, not just with stockbroking. You can see the Thames actually being used . . . You remember Uncle Tom?' – an allusion to *The Waste Land*. 'Look at "Carron warehouse" over there: the same words in three styles of lettering, of different periods – the oldest by far the best.'

There were still sunlit glimpses of St Paul's (to our left) and the river (to our right). Once we saw St Paul's through trees growing wild in a square plot, a regular Hopkins wilderness of weeds and rusty tins, with two broken-down benches. This was a churchyard once – St Peter's, Paul's Wharf: the church was not rebuilt after the fire of 1666. 'How squalid!' I said.

Betjeman: 'Oh, I'd rather it like this . . . rather than municipal-tidy.'

Nearby we saw a strange new concrete structure. 'Well,' he said, parodying a brisk business voice, 'we're hoping to make a speedway from Upper Thames Street to St Nicholas Cole Abbey . . .' Then another glimpse of the gleaming river drew us down a lane, Trig Lane: 'York stone, these pavements.' Opposite, the Bankside power-station belching. Betjeman: 'I've often wondered why they bothered to declare the City a smokeless zone when that bloody thing pours out smoke all the time.'

An iron bollard (once a gun); bent railings; chalk *graffiti*; the high tide chuffing and slapping against the granite steps – 'and a Vicat Cole sky behind Sir Howard Robertson's Shell tower,' he intoned rhythmically, as if improvising a poem . . . 'Look at Southwark Bridge,' he cried. 'By Sir Ernest George. The least-known bridge in Britain – and the least-used. You can park your car on it. I *always* use it when I bicycle out to the south.'

Some gulls flapped towards us, screaming. 'And the Tower Bridge . . . Look, I think you can just see it. They've taken the ironwork off the top, so that the whole point of the design is gone.' Back to Upper Thames Street: it was a weekday, but the scene was empty but for one thin man, rather knock-kneed – 'That man looks like a drawing by Lowry, doesn't he?' Then Wren's churchless tower of St Mary Somerset, plain and grey, a red GPO telephone-box nestling at its base: 'sensitively placed, the kiosk, isn't it?' Then the little high-gabled square called Queenhithe: 'you see, that's interesting – there was an attempt to make London look like Bruges' . . . The graceful, baroque, three-storied turret-steeple of St James's, Garlickhithe . . . Vintners' Hall . . . 'But for sheer brickwork, and how to deal with blank spaces, you can't beat these flanks of Cannon Street station' – whose terminal cupolas looked almost Venetian in the sunset glow.

We hurried on, past the incense-fragrance of St Magnus the Martyr, overshadowed by the monstrous proximity of Adelaide House, and past the fish-fragrance of Billingsgate; for further east, in Lower Thames Street, is a building which Mr Betjeman is anxious to save from demolition – the Coal Exchange, built in the 1840's by J. B. Bunning, and historically notable as well as striking of aspect, since it has the world's first large prefabricated cast-iron dome and cast-iron internal galleries with mouldings in the form of cables.

Demolition is threatened in connection with a road-widening scheme; Mr Betjeman showed how the road could be widened *and* the Coal Exchange saved – but this might involve some slight interference with the dull Custom House opposite, 'and the civil servants are so entrenched there.' Perhaps, too, the City Corporation, which owns the rest of the Coal Exchange block, would like to clear the whole site and let Mr Cotton or someone build a skyscraper on it.

Soon the short day was done. We had a cup of tea in a Lyons, where a large, stout business-man came up to Mr Betjeman and said, in words that were a compendium of what is always said in these vapid approaches: 'Pardon me, I trust you're very well, sir. I spoke to you some years ago – you wouldn't remember.'

This encounter enhanced the melancholy of the evening. Out into one of the winding lanes that still survive, bright with clustering small shops: '*That's* what the City should be.' But then, overhead, a colder brightness – 100, 200 office-windows, identical rectangles of fluorescence, in a vertical cube that soared without aspiring or inspiring, utterly devoid of feature or character, not even copybook contemporary: '. . . and *that's* what they're doing to the City – trying to make it like Piccadilly or New York.' But then we came out into the grandeur of Leadenhall Market. '*There!*' said Mr Betjeman, like one who breathes Alpine air after a foetid tunnel; and he stood with arms open, like a priest as he says '*Dominus vobiscum*.'

The crowds were hurrying homeward. It was too late to go and walk through the Barbican area . . . Time to see only one more church, St Mary-at-Hill – 'often ignored', said Mr Betjeman, 'because of its plain outside: the interior is one of the – oh, *the* most magnificent in the City.' And so it seemed; and we admired Wren's 'Byzantine *quincunx*' dome and the carved woodwork and the huge staircase sweeping up to the pulpit. The present incumbent's predecessor was the late Prebendary Carlile, of the Church Army. 'In those days,' he told us, 'there was royalty galore coming here.'

The verger explained the scriptural significance of the unicorn in the royal arms: 'The horn is the horn of David, the tail . . .' But the notice-board outside seemed to epitomise the City: it was designed to advertise, in large lettering, the Christian Evidence Society; but the words were almost obscured by public notices of ward elections and of a meeting for the granting of billiard licences.

Love Among the Russians

ALEXANDER WERTH

The popular press has lately published a number of articles on the Soviet way of life and, more particularly, on 'Sex in Russia' – that everlasting question to which Intourist never supplies an answer. But the conclusions in these articles are inconclusive, or too simple, a common verdict being that Soviet morals are 'Victorian'.

Victorian or not, the truth is that reticence on sex is not a 'Soviet' attitude: Russians have always been reticent about it. (The Great Catherine was, after all, a German.) Look at classical Russian literature. No doubt there are traces of French frivolity in Pushkin and Lermontov; but in the works of the great Russian novelists sex as such is almost absent.

You find that love has an important place in the novels of Turgeniev, Tolstoy and Dostoevsky; but sex is treated delicately, by suggestion, even by such a volcanic, passion-ridden man as Dostoevsky. Not a single 'erotic' passage can be found in either *Anna Karenina* or *The Brothers Karamazov*; and not until he was an old man did Tolstoy, in works like *The Kreutzer Sonata* or *Resurrection*, squarely face sex (as distinct from love) as a major social, moral or religious issue. But again, little or no gloating.

After a few 'wild' years following the Revolution, when the emancipation of women was accompanied by a 'free-love' vogue (a practice strongly to be condemned by Lenin), the old reticence about sex soon came into its own again – though in a slightly different form. The abortion law was abolished in 1936, and in 1944 the 'cult of the family' was proclaimed. At the same time, divorce was made much more difficult.

What is the position today, in the increasingly stabilised society of the Krushchev era? A good deal of 'sinning' goes on in the villages where, as a result of the war, there is still an enormous difference between the male and female population. This 'unfortunate anomaly' is admitted by Soviet observers, who will even tell you, in shocked tones, of love-starved middle-aged women 'chasing' young boys. In the cities, too, there are some black sheep who, occasionally, are pilloried in such papers as *Komsomolskaya Pravda* for their 'uncomradely, un-Soviet behaviour'. But what is 'Soviet behaviour' in these matters?

There are two points. The first is that very little information is available about sex in the Soviet Union. In a curious book, *Problems of Sex Education*, published recently by Dr Atarov, he complains that there is a 'conspiracy of silence' about the whole problem, and that no scientific, statistical study has ever been attempted on the sex life of the Soviet people. In short, there is no Soviet Kinsey Report. In most schools, he adds, there is nothing even approaching sex education, the children being left to find out the 'facts of life' for themselves. The second point is that the innate and traditional Russian reticence about sex – apart from an occasional 'blue' story – is strongly encouraged in all the more general discussions of 'Communist morality', and that a cynical attitude to sex is criticised as 'un-Soviet'.

Although Dr Atarov admits that he lacks 'statistical data', he nevertheless claims that 'only a small minority' break the rules of Communist morality. He admits, however,

LIFE'S A QUEST

Nature's been bountiful. There's plenty of coal for factory furnaces, plenty of oil for cars and ships, plenty of water to grow crops and generate power—plenty for everyone, but not just for the asking. Much of this bounty can only be found by quest and won by force—the force of explosives scientifically designed for the job. In unlocking metal ores from the earth, one charge of I.C.I. explosive does the work of scores of men. In Middle Eastern deserts, I.C.I. seismic explosives speed the search for oil. Specially safe I.C.I. explosives ease the task of Britain coal-miners, and I.C.I. has provided the blasting power for the great new hydro-electric schemes in the North of Scotland. Wherever there are mountains to be moved or mineral riches to be won, I.C.I. explosives are there—the power behind man's power to wrest plenty from Nature.

PR167

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED, LONDON, S.W.1

ICI

that sex is a 'natural and potent instinct', and though he wholly rejects Freud, he regrets that parents and educationists treat the matter 'far too casually'. Thus, in a passage which is a curious comment on housing conditions, he condemns many parents for being 'thoughtless'.

> Sometimes they are too affectionate to each other in the presence of children and often, in the same or the next room, they go in for sexual intercourse, believing that the children are sound asleep. They forget that children often merely pretend to be asleep. In many children premature sexuality is aroused as a result of such carelessness on the part of their parents.

And then comes this delightful passage.

> Cultured speech is an important part of sexual education. Unfortunately, bad language is still common and some, especially young people, use a dirty word in almost every sentence. These are the kind of words that distort the understanding of the proper relations between men and women. Children who go in for foul language tend in later life to behave immorally.

Sex, to Dr Atarov, is 'natural', but it should be 'regulated'. There must be no sex without love, affection and comradeship. He insists that 'puberty' and 'sexual maturity' are not the same thing, but claims that, in the Soviet economic and educational system, the 'difficult gap' between the two is 'less difficult' than in bourgeois societies; that the ideal marriage age for girls is between 18 and 20, and for young men between 22 and 24 – ages at which 'a very high percentage of our young people are economically able to marry, and indeed, do marry'. In principle he is opposed to pre-marital sex relations, but is not altogether hostile to them; these are, clearly, a very common practice among young Soviet people, and Dr Atarov seems to console himself with the thought that these relations are 'often very genuine' and 'very frequently end in marriage'. One of the aims of Soviet education, though seldom directly concerned with sex, is to keep young people's minds off sex during the 'difficult years'; and Dr Atarov makes the curious claim that, under Soviet conditions, masturbation – a 'very harmful habit' – among boys 'is no longer the mass phenomenon it was before the Revolution'.

Comradeship – the result of co-education and of equality between the sexes – is, according to Atarov (and, indeed, all other observers) the chief reason why, by and large, relations between Soviet men and women are 'decent', above all amongst the industrial workers and the young technical élite. 'Public pressure' is also important in discouraging 'immorality', though, on this point, there seem to be differences of opinion.

Sex relations may usually be 'decent', but there are exceptions. Thus Dr Atarov lists numerous cases under such headings as 'The Vamp', 'The Seducer' (girls who stupidly allow themselves to be seduced, however, also reveal a 'bad, anti-social upbringing' and a 'lack of culture'), or 'The Promiscuous Rat' – the last-named being usually a married man with 'affairs' on the side.

Seldom an obsession with Russians, sex tends to be treated as a simple, and not a profoundly complicated problem; the Soviet way of life, with its emphasis on work, comradeship, expediency and efficiency, as well as special incentives like 'flats for newlyweds', encourage an orderly married life. But there are still many personal complications. The slow and difficult divorce procedure, which has resulted in very numerous 'unregistered marriages' has created new problems in recent years, and has been openly criticised. There has also been a demand for revision of the wartime and immediate post-war laws, under which no actions for affiliation or alimony are possible, 'fatherless' children being subsidised by the state.

In *Literary Gazette* recently a Leningrad teacher complained that 20 per cent of her pupils were 'fatherless'; in their birth certificates, opposite 'Father's Name', there was a blank. This, she said, caused serious difficulties for the children themselves; it was common for 'legitimate' children to taunt the others by calling them 'Father-Blank'. She added: 'Aren't we reaching a stage where we shall start referring to them by the revolting western word of "bastards"?' She called for a reform of the present law to enable a high proportion of children born from 'unregistered marriages' to be legitimised by their fathers.

The general attitude to sex may be pointed by a significant personal anecdote. A few days ago, perhaps as a small tease, I lent a young Soviet diplomat a copy of *Lady C.* He returned it the next day. His only comment was: 'No, *really*!' When I pressed him for a more articulate opinion, he said: 'You know Russia well enough. Don't you know that, to us, such a book is just *inconceivable*!'

Correspondence

ISRAEL AND NUCLEAR WEAPONS

SIR, – The recent rumours that Israel will shortly be able to manufacture an atomic bomb fell upon the Arab world with all the devastating force of an atomic explosion. The most comforting accounts said that she would possess a nuclear weapon within five years; the most depressing that she would do so in one year's time. To the Arabs the time element is of no importance: the very fact that Israel is even tinkering with atomic energy indicates that she plans a destructive use for it. And who in the world would she seek to destroy save them?

This attitude, no doubt, avoids the real issue, which is that the employment of an atomic bomb anywhere would inevitably result in the employment of atomic bombs everywhere. Should the Israelis launch an atomic bomb at any country, anywhere, they will merely ensure that, very soon afterwards, there will be no Israelis.

National suicide is, presumably, the last objective that Israel has in mind. But, to the Arabs, Tel Aviv is by no means above destroying itself if it can also destroy the Arab world in the process. This viewpoint is dictated more by emotion than by reasoned analysis, but, in the eyes of the Arab man-in-the-street and the newspapers he reads, the Israelis are bent upon pillage and conquest and would not hesitate to annihilate the Arab world if they had the means of doing so.

There is therefore an increasingly clamorous call for an instant attack upon Israel, now, before she has a chance to develop her bomb. But the Arabs know very well that such a dramatic onslaught is not feasible. So they are fast becoming obsessed by the feeling that they must, somehow, keep up with the Israeli Joneses by enlisting the aid of some well-disposed member of the nuclear club.

It is perfectly obvious that neither Britain nor the US would present 'atomic know-how' to the Arabs. And it may be conjectured that France, who is known to be aiding Israel in her atomic energy programme, would be equally unwilling. So that leaves Russia.

The Israeli bomb scare, in fact, provides the Soviet Union with a perfect opportunity to set up atomic bases on Arab territory. In the eyes of the western nations such bases would be outposts of Communism, advance echelons in the Cold War. In those of the Arabs, they would merely be Arab bastions against the new threat of Israeli atomic aggression.

It is obviously in western interests to remove the menace of Soviet nuclear assistance to the Arab world before it has even been offered. It is no good for London and New York to protest that Tel Aviv has plaintively denied that Israel has any intention of making an atomic bomb, and claimed that her nuclear programme is concerned solely with peaceful objectives. She could never persuade the Arabs of its truth. If an Arab inspecting team was allowed to visit Israel's existing atomic reactor, and the one now under construction in the Negev, its members would leave the country fully convinced – no matter what evidence was produced to the contrary during their stay – that the sole purpose behind the Zionist state's atomic programme was the destruction of the Arab world.

Everybody realises that Israel could not conduct atomic experiments without French assistance. Therefore the first essential for the western allies is to persuade their foolish sister to cease playing with fire in this imbecile manner. It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that France is actuated in her provision of nuclear aid to Israel by a desire to inflict a shrewd backhander on the Arabs for their attitude over Algeria.

This is what makes the whole dismal farce so tragic. The Algerian problem is one that could have been and should have been solved long ago. The longer it persists, the more dangerous it becomes. The threat to world peace presented by Communist aid to the Algerian insurgents is real. The Arabs have a proverb which says, 'When cornered, a snake will bite its own belly'. The Algerians will endure even the self-inflicted wound of Communist domination, if only their independence from France can be achieved.

It is certain that President de Gaulle, like all sensible Frenchmen and sensible people everywhere, realises that the only solution to the Algerian problem rests in Algeria's independence. This may be a bitter pill to swallow, but bitter pills are sometimes of extreme medicinal value. Once Algeria had gained its freedom, the Arabs, with their volatile political temperament, would become fast friends of France – and the Franco-Israeli 'atomic alliance' would wither and die. Let France reveal an atom of common sense, and all will be well.

EMILE BUSTANI

Beirut

The Arts and Entertainment

The Arts and Entertainment reviews will in future appear after the book reviews. This week they begin on page 26.

UNILATERAL OR MULTILATERAL

SIR, – 'Unilateralists . . . put multilateral disarmament first,' writes Critic, in his comment on last week's letter from the Socialist Campaign for Multilateral Disarmament.

This claim of CND's that one can be a unilateralist and a multilateralist at the same time, though undoubtedly sincere, has so far seemed too eccentric to be worth challenging. Multilateralism means abandoning weapons if other countries do the same: unilateralism means abandoning them anyway. A British government which tried to be unilateralist and multilateralist at the same time would thus have to proclaim simultaneously:

(1) Britain wishes to negotiate nuclear disarmament with other countries, and will abandon her nuclear weapons if they will do the same, and

(2) Britain proposes to abandon her nuclear weapons anyhow, believing them to be immoral.

Putting forward both these policies together would be universally regarded as foolish and hypocritical. Foolish because the multilateralist policy is plainly sabotaged by the unilateralist one, which makes the idea of negotiations meaningless. Hypocritical because if nuclear weapons are immoral (Statement 2), it is hypocrisy to use them for negotiations (Statement 1).

The Combine Harvester and the City

Farming and Foreign Currency

Britain's balance of payments is a continuing problem. What is British Agriculture doing to resolve it?

1. BY SAVING IMPORTS Agriculture is the largest single import saving industry in the country. Home production is 68% up over pre-war. In other words we are producing a net £300 million a year more from the land of Britain. Foreign currency which would otherwise have been needed for food imports is thereby available for imports of raw materials for manufacturing industries.

2. BY DIRECT EXPORTS The value of our agricultural exports of livestock, seeds, wool, etc. earns more than £40 million a year.

3. BY STEADYING THE COST OF LIVING The increased supply of home food keeps the cost of living down and so helps to make British exports competitive in world markets.

4. BY PROVIDING A BASIS FOR EXPORTS With home agriculture as the firm base other industries have been able to build a big export trade. For example, exports of agricultural machinery alone exceed £130 million a year.

AGRICULTURE SERVES THE NATION

Issued by the National Farmers Union of England and Wales

Obviously, if CND supporters had any real faith in multilateral disarmament (which they would undoubtedly prefer) they would never have become unilateralists in the first place. The very existence of CND is a vote of no confidence in multilateralism. At meetings and in conversation CND supporters invariably disparage the prospects of agreed disarmament.

Personally, I believe that these prospects are now improving again, and that a hope of agreement exists. But if public opinion becomes defeatist, and the hope is extinguished, CND supporters, including Critic, will have a lot to answer for.

Christopher Mayhew

House of Commons

COSTS OF LAND TRANSFER

Sir, – This may seem to him legal pedantry, but I think it a pity that Mr Hyams's criticism of solicitors' conveyancing charges (or the system which gives rise to them) is not informed by knowledge of the subject. His suggested reform of the system of land transfer, presumably offered as an original idea, is in its essentials uncannily like the system of registration of land introduced in 1925, which now applies to a large part of the country including the London area. The system, though it has its disadvantages, is I think simpler and slightly less expensive and it will no doubt spread yet further in years to come. Solicitors' fixed charges on a house costing, for example, £5,000 would be £43 15s. if it is registered, rather than £67 10s. if it is unregistered.

Mr Hyams will no doubt be sorry to see solicitors still there at all, but it is significant that, although the legislature in 1925 made a spirited attempt to simplify conveyancing as far as possible, it was in fact impossible to do so sufficiently to eliminate the complexities which necessitate the services of the solicitor.

Mr Hyams asks why he cannot buy land as simply as a Rolls Royce. The question has been asked, and answered, many times. In the first place, it is not really all that simple to buy a Rolls Royce – safely. The seller might not have the right to sell it, and in these circumstances Mr Hyams might find himself, as many have done before him, bereft of both car and money. But no doubt the simplicity of it all would console him.

Secondly, and this is the main point, a Rolls Royce does not, when you come to examine it closely, bear very much resemblance to a piece of land or a house; and the dissimilarity is not without importance. Local councils are not likely to have empowered themselves to cut bits off the Rolls Royce in order to widen a road or build a school. People are not likely to claim a right to walk over the Rolls Royce, to take water from it, to demolish it because it is insanitary or to prevent the owner from using it (as they may have a right to prevent the building of a house on land). Rolls Royces, however valuable, are seldom the subject of strict settlements, trusts for sale or mortgages. These examples are of course only representative of hundreds of others.

R. T. Oerton

Woodrising
Bingham Avenue
Poole

PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Sir, – In your note on libraries last week (which strangely ignored the bill now before parliament) you give some figures concerning the St Pancras Public Library. 'One-fifth of the total population uses the library; and those who do borrow an average of 45 books a year'. May I give you some more figures – from the St Pancras Report for 1958-9?

The total expenditure was £88,000. Of this sum only £14,101 (15.96 per cent) went to the purchase of books: and £46,433 (52.62 per cent) to 'salaries and wages' (librarians and staff). The population was 130,800; the registered readers (or borrowers) 24,084 (18.4 per cent). I make the expenditure on books nearly 2s 4d per head of population. This, if correct, is an improvement since 1957-8 and above the average. But it means that 106,000 non-borrowers spent about £11,500 on books, and 24,000 borrowers spent about £2,500. Each of the borrowers took out 45 books, for which as a 'head of population' he had paid 2s 4d. So for each book he paid about two-thirds of a penny through the rates – and, of course, nothing over the counter. Eighty-two per cent of the rate-payers financed the reading of 18 per cent.

'Splendid!' you may say, 'the Welfare State at its best!' But what about the producers – who in the WS are generally considered as well as the consumers? Of the £14,000 spent on the purchase of books not more than one-third (say, £4,500) went to authors and publishers (as against, may I remind you, £46,000 to librarians and staff). There were 1,057,151 'lending issues' (i.e. free distributions outside the library – we are not asking anything for books used on the premises, for that is the proper purpose of a 'library'). So, for each of these outside readers, authors and publishers, together, received about one penny. We are now asking for another penny – and it does not seem grasping. How this is to be arranged is for committee talks: but, so far, nobody will meet us in committee.

At all events, you will now understand why we are not wholly happy about that great institution the Public Library: and I hope that, as one of the great champions of literature, and of producers, you will give us a little help. Please do not swallow the librarians' strange remedy, the raising of the price of books (by an average of 6d) to everyone, while the public libraries continue to enjoy their ten per cent discount (average 1s 6d). This, for reasons with which I will not weary you. we consider irrelevant, anti-social, impracticable, and generally unacceptable.

A. P. Herbert

12 Hammersmith Terrace
W6

[See J. B. Priestley's article on page 6. – Ed., NS.]

REVOLT OF THE CROFTERS

Sir, – When so much is wrong with the Highland social set-up, it is a pity that W. John Morgan has chosen to blame one of the estates which has done most for the crofters. The Westminster estate in Sutherland consists mostly of difficult hill land, only touching the coast in one place. That is why there are no crofts on it. But the estate policy has been to develop forestry and fishing and give employment where there was none before. The land is so poor that some of the planting has not taken, but thousands of acres, which the Forestry Commission, on their then standards, counted as unplantable, are growing well. Minor industries have followed. Where schools were dwindling to nothing, there is talk of a second teacher. Virtually every man in the neighbouring parish of Edrachillis is employed on the Westminster estates, and a sizeable number from Durness and Assynt. In addition the Duke made available on his land 5,000 to 10,000 acres of common grazing for crofters on the neighbouring estates. You may say that most of the development came out of money which otherwise would have gone in surtax to the Treasury, but the point is, it was done.

I wish I could say as much for his neighbours, who have, some of them, been less than helpful; but the Rootes estate is actually on very poor ground. It is nonsense to think that because the gerraig, the skinned land, in Lewis, has been brought into good grass, the same can be done on the thin peat and rocks of so much of the mainland. Also, Michael Grieve seems to think that the words 'deer forest' mean a forest of trees; most of the Sutherland deer are on land which could not possibly grow a timber tree, though they might take a few more sheep. Incidentally, the Island of Rhum, another 'forest' without trees, is, under Nature Conservancy management, producing £1,000 worth of venison a year.

It is no use enlarging crofts by bringing in unusable land, and much deer forest is genuinely unusable. But land which would be thought useless in a more fertile country can be helped enormously by fencing and re-seeding; if all the crofters agree (difficult!) this can be done on parts of common grazings. I wish W. John Morgan had seen the successful re-seeding north of Kinlochbervie. I would add that one of the Crofting Commission is nicknamed 'John Fences'!

Of course, I am not saying that there are no bad landlords in the Highlands. There are far too many, especially the absentees whose land is factored from offices, but there are also some living on their estates who like to feel themselves little kings. The crofters have complete security of tenure, but the ordinary agricultural tenant has never, for generations, been less secure. What is needed in the Highlands (I am not talking of the special problem of Lewis) is not so much more crofters, but more family holdings of a size which will produce a cash income of at least £6 a week, and a possibility of government help to stock and build and to tide over a bad year. There would be plenty of good tenants.

Naomi Mitchison

Carradale
Campbeltown

[W. John Morgan *writes:* I wrote that there were good and bad landlords and gladly accept all Naomi Mitchison says about the Westminster estate. I simply offered evidence of its *size* – because it is the newly-discovered extent of these Highland estates which has astonished Scottish opinion. Mrs Mitchison's view on the limited applicability of the Isle of Lewis re-seeding experiments seems more arguable. A number of crofters, from my own evidence, certainly would not agree with her. One crofter seemed to sum up the general view by arguing that 'there are millions of acres of sterile peatland provoking no great concern' and remarking of the Lewis experiment: 'There is opportunity now for the Commission to develop extensive moorlands on a grand scale, now it has been proved practicable and valuable. This done, the Commission could dabble in croft enlargements to its heart's desire'. Not being expert in this field, I wouldn't like to say which side is right. It would seem to me strange, however, if in the enormous acreage of the Highlands the experiments' results could not be widely imitated, even though, as Mrs Mitchison puts it, so much of the mainland is thin peat and rocks.]

THE USES OF SOCIOLOGY

Sir, – Lipset must be left, if he thinks it worth while, to answer Ralph Samuel's curious review of his new book. What one must oppose now is the reactionary departmentalism implied in Samuel's remarks about sociology's 'invasion' of political studies, 'predatory' raids, etc. It ought to be obvious by now that the working of political institutions cannot be fully understood apart from the working of social institutions generally, that political conduct is a form of social conduct, and accordingly that political studies have to be brought into focus with sociology (as well as with social psychology and cultural anthropology). Unhappily, it is not yet obvious to all concerned. Samuel could be quickly enlightened: let him try teaching politics (and history) to adults and refusing to discuss the 'why' as well as the 'how' of political conduct because the 'why' happens to belong to other (historically- and organisationally-defined) disciplines.

The enlightening of the universities will take a little longer. Meanwhile, since students of politics generally seem determined to learn a 'subject' rather than to understand a phenomenon, they must learn to suffer 'invasions'. But I still hope to see politics, political thought (e.g. Hobbes and Burke on the social order) and history taught by 'specialists' with the aid of sociological concepts.

Graham Wootton

Warborough
Oxford

SOUTH AFRICA

PONDOLAND

"For some time those in authority in South Africa declared that there was no real trouble in Pondoland. Subsequently they had to declare a state of emergency there. It is time that they realise that rule by force and emergency and recurrent crisis is solving none of South Africa's problems.

"A recent national conference of African leaders has sent a cable to the United Nations asking that observers be sent to Pondoland 'to observe the alarming military operations against unarmed people by the South African government'. Although little news of events in Pondoland is reaching the outside world, it may be accepted that, as earlier in Zeerust and Sekhukuneland, such action by police and troops against the Pondos will mean a great deal of misery and suffering. Therefore, I would urge you to draw the attention of supporters of the Defence and Aid Fund at once to events in Pondoland."

(Bishop of Johannesburg in a letter to Canon Collins.)

VICTIMS OF APARTHEID DESPERATELY NEED OUR HELP

The Defence and Aid Fund has already sent more than £160,000 to South Africa to help the victims of apartheid – defence of the accused in the Treason Trial and aid for their families; alleviation of suffering and seeking to get justice done in Zeerust, Sekhukhuneland, Windhoek, Cato Manor and Sharpeville; aid for the victims of the State of Emergency, etc. etc. . . .

"Largely because of your help, no person starved during the Emergency, and everyone known to us received sufficient to pay rents, and other essential commitments. As Chairman of the State of Emergency Relief Fund and now of Defence and Aid in Cape Town, I assure you that every penny sent by you was, and will be, put to the best possible use to the benefit of those who struggle and suffer for freedom in South Africa."

On behalf of the sponsors of the national **Defence and Aid Fund** we — members of the **Advisory Committee of Sponsors** — beg you with all our hearts to respond to this appeal.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Historian as Radical

PAUL JOHNSON

What are the qualities of a great historian? I find myself asking this question after re-reading some of the scores of historical classics, many of them hitherto out of print, which are a small but valuable tributary of the paperback flood.* The answer, I think, can best be provided by analysing the scholarship of Frederick William Maitland, the supreme medievalist. Why Maitland? The choice can be justified on the following grounds. From the departure of the Romans until modern times, English history provides a process of continuous evolution which is quite unique in Europe, above all in the legal framework which determines (and reflects) the nature of society. Further, the most important element in the social structure, at any rate until the second half of the nineteenth century, was the ownership of land; and the only occasion on which land-ownership in England underwent something tantamount to a revolution was in the generation following the Battle of Hastings. How did this come about? Was it, indeed, a revolution, or merely forced evolution? This is the central, as well as the most difficult, problem in English history; by making it his life-work – and by very largely solving it – Maitland can claim the authorship, I believe, of the largest single contribution to English historical studies. His professional principles, therefore, are of paramount importance.

Firstly, Maitland never attempted to narrate the progress of society as a whole. Narration, indeed, is the enemy of good scholarship, for it entails a constant series of judgments as to motives, which can rarely be supported by evidence: it places, moreover, an altogether exaggerated emphasis on the actions of the central power, indeed of individuals. Even an outstanding example of modern narrative history, such as Professor Neale's *Queen Elizabeth I*, must necessarily mislead, for by failing to portray Elizabethan society in depth it invites the reader's judgment on actions taken out of their historical context.

Narration has a further drawback. It presupposes a stable density of evidence, and is based on the assumption that history can be built like a pyramid, the superstructure of one period resting securely on the foundations of its predecessor. In fact, the volume and quality of evidence diminish steadily as time recedes, and the narrative historian inevitably (and largely unconsciously) finds himself remedying the deficiency by projecting into the past the known conceptions of a later age. Historians today are slowly recognising that history must be the examination of a fixed point, from which light radiates into the surrounding years. Sir Lewis Namier is popularly credited with this fundamental discovery; in fact, it had been a decisive technique among medieval historians for two generations, and Maitland was its greatest practitioner.

Indeed, he brought to it a peculiarly useful refinement, which was the principal instrument of his historical method. History, he argued, should be approached backwards, proceeding from the later known to the earlier unknown. As he put it: 'We must accustom our eyes to the twilight before we go out into the night'. It must be said that Maitland did not actually invent this technique, which had earlier been used by Seebohm; but in *Domesday Book and Beyond* he employed and perfected it on an unprecedented scale. In Domesday Book and its related documents he recognised the crowning administrative achievement of the Middle Ages: its sheer detail and comprehensiveness, its functional accuracy, make it the most valuable historical manuscript in the world. Maitland saw it as an immense armoury of weapons, to be selected at need to hack into the thickets of the past; or, to vary the metaphor, as a battery of searchlights to probe the Anglo-Saxon night behind it. And, conversely, once the differentiations between late Anglo-Saxon and Early Norman society had been established, the way was prepared for a reconnaissance into the future, via the beacons of the early pipe-rolls, chancery-rolls and court-rolls, until we reach the lighted thoroughfares of the statutes and parliamentary records of the later Plantagenets.

It follows from this that Maitland never for one instant permitted his mind to wander far from the evidence. His imagination was ceaselessly employed in piecing it together, but rarely creatively, that is, subjectively. Each wafer of conclusion rested on solid evidential masonry. His detailed findings have often been faulted, but as a rule merely by the emergence of fresh evidence. Indeed, he was scrupulously careful to point out the lacunae in his case, and to warn the reader that there is no finality in historical research. The salient flavour of his writing is its humility.

Maitland deplored controversy, and was perhaps unduly mild in rebuking erring contemporaries, many of whom were arrogant and spiteful. But with one fault he had no patience, for it contradicted his entire methodology. He termed this 'anachronism', or 'after-mindedness' – the imposition of later ideas and concepts on a period to which they were alien:

> Against many kinds of anachronism we now guard ourselves. We are careful of costume, of armour and architecture, of words and forms of speech. But it is far easier to be careful of these things than to prevent the intrusion of untimely ideas. In particular there is a besetting danger for us in the barbarian's use of a language which is too good for his thought. Mistakes then are easy, and when committed they will be fatal and fundamental mistakes. If, for example, we introduce the *persona ficta* too soon, we shall be doing worse than if we armed Hengist and Horsa with machine-guns, or pictured the Venerable Bede correcting proofs for the press . . .

The merits of Maitland's scholarship can be better appreciated by contrasting them with the faults of another formidable, though distinctly inferior scholar, Dr Coulton. To an important degree, Coulton shared the same approach as Maitland: the function of history was to discover facts, and facts could only be based on contemporary evidence; all else was error. Coulton indeed was an impoverished schoolmaster, who obtained recognition late in life (he was elected a Fellow of St John's, Cambridge, at the age of 61) largely because of his extraordinarily wide knowledge of medieval records. For most of his career Coulton was engaged in furious controversy with Catholic pseudo-scholars, such as Belloc and Cardinal Gasquet; he was concerned to demolish their preconceived view of the Middle Ages as a peasant's paradise by forcing them to look awkward sources in the eye. To this extent he reflected Maitland's virtues.

But there the resemblance dwindles. Unlike Maitland, Coulton was primarily a controversialist: for him, victory came to seem more important than truth. He thus fell into the cardinal sin of collecting evidence to prove a point, rather than allowing the point to emerge from the collection of evidence. This led him into the corollary vice, anachronism. Evidence was wrenched not only out of its historical, but even its geographical context, and strung together into a case which could convince only the layman. To take one example of many: seeking to demonstrate the low value which feudal society placed on the life of a serf, he cites an English document of 1284, a German of 1172, other English documents of 1200 and 1240, a North-Italian chronicler of 1400, a Vatican document of 1440, a German court-case of 1444, an English case of 1514 and, among others, a French parish *cahier* of 1789! At no point does he evaluate, either historically or textually: he was concerned with quantity, not quality. Curiously enough, on this very point, he was unconsciously rebuked by Maitland himself, more than a quarter of a century before, in a characteristically witty aside. Expressing surprise that eleventh-century society should have assessed the value of a ceorl's life as high as 200 shillings (or the price of 24 to 30 oxen), Maitland adds: 'The sons of a *villanus* who had but two oxen must have been under some temptation to wish that their father would get himself killed by a solvent thegn.'

Despite their varying professional standards, however, both men were at one in viewing contemporary society with a radical eye, and each for interesting reasons. Coulton had a passionate devotion to the peasant, medieval or modern, English or foreign: he regarded his own

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**Domesday Book and Beyond.* By F. W. MAITLAND. *Collins. 8s. 6d. F. W. Maitland: Selections from His Writings. Cambridge: California. 13s. 6d. Medieval Village, Manor and Monastery.* By G. G. COULTON. *Harper. 18s. Queen Elizabeth I.* By J. E. NEALE. *Penguin. 5s.*

relentless exposure of the wrongs the medieval villein had suffered as an integral factor in securing better conditions for his present-day successors. He delved into the past because he hated the land-owning classes; and he hated the land-owning classes with added venom because he had studied the past. History for him was thus a living *continuum*: this made him imperfect as a historian, but, no doubt, a better human being.

Maitland also favoured reform, but in a logical, unemotional fashion. Unlike Coulton, he regarded the past as largely irrelevant to the politics of the present, for he believed, correctly, that while knowledge of the present can illuminate the past, to apply the lessons of the past to the present is to invite disaster. Like many other late-Victorian academics, he moved on the fringe of affairs: he was a member of the Leslie Stephen circle and a brother-in-law of H. A. L. Fisher, the Liberal minister and scholar. His contacts with public men must have helped him to appreciate the administrative achievements of Henry II or Edward I. But he was progressive-minded, I think, not because of his Liberal friends, but because he felt this to be the logical and therefore proper professional posture for a historian. If, his mind reasoned, it was wrong to project anachronisms into the past, it was equally wrong to maintain them in the present. Society must evolve and change its institutions to suit its particular needs. To preserve for the sake of preservation was mere sentimentality, which a scholar should avoid like the plague. This tempts me to point a sly moral. The historian whose work draws him to conservatism is likely to be, for this very reason, a poor scholar. The true historian has a functional inclination to the left.

The Room

This room I know so well becomes
A way to keep proportion near.
In other houses, other rooms
Only anomalies appear.

I chose these books, the pictures too,
Thinking that I would often look
Upon a canvas like a view
Or find a world within a book.

They lie or hang, each laden now
With my own past, yet there's no sign
For anyone who does not know
Me, that these attributes are mine.

Strange paradox – that I collect
Objects to liberate myself.
This room so heavy now, so decked
Has put my past upon a shelf.

And this is freedom – not to need
To choose those things again. I thus
Preside upon the present, cede
The ornaments to usefulness.

And yet I know that while I clear
The ground and win back liberty,
Tomorrow's debris settles here
To make my art, to alter me.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

Deep Division

The Western Intellectual Tradition. By J. BRONOWSKI and BRUCE MAZLISH. *Hutchinson.* 30*s.*

Dr Bronowski and Mr Mazlish begin their survey of thought in 1500 and end in 1830. In the centuries that preceded Newton's *Principia* it was possible for a reasonable and thinking man to be either an optimist or a pessimist about the limits of human knowledge. Whether men would be able to understand, and to a significant degree to control, their natural environment was a matter of guesswork. The methods by which understanding of the natural order might be reached, and the form in which it might be expressed, was also a matter of guesswork, more or less inspired. The earlier philosophers who are still read are those who were not too wide of the mark in their guessing; their theories of knowledge, and the reasoning that supported them, are still worth attention, because they at some points came near to the truth, revealed in modern physics.

After Newton, with the continuing progress of the physical sciences, there was no room for guessing. The standards of rational knowledge of Nature seemed fixed and known, at least in broad outline. The earlier optimists (for example Descartes) had wildly imagined that Nature was a cipher or cryptogram, and that in mathematics, the monument of human reason, we possessed the key. It turned out that they were, at least to some extent, right: reality, in its underlying structure, does indeed seem to be 'adapted to human powers of cognition'. It is difficult now even to imagine the vague scope of early philosophy, when the nature of rational inquiry itself was still in doubt. But we now define reason in terms of mathematical deduction and scientific method, and the scope of philosophy itself is correspondingly narrowed. As a theory of knowledge, it does not any longer guess: it describes.

Most histories of ideas underrate the transition from the pre-scientific to the scientific world-view, and, as an effect of hindsight, produce a too smooth transition by ignoring all those thinkers, influential in their day, whose guessing was wide of the mark. Surprisingly, Dr Bronowski and Mr Mazlish are no exception. The reader is led steadily forward from the Renaissance, along familiar paths, towards an evident and foreseen destination. A greater attention to scientific ideas than is usual in text-books of this kind is promised in the blurb. But the promise is not entirely fulfilled. There are interesting accounts of the intellectual movements among Dissenters and of technological enlightenment in the eighteenth century. But there is no consistent attempt to show the effect of successive stages of mathematical and scientific advance upon the general movement of ideas. The reader passes from the age of the philosophical amateur of natural knowledge, who is free to speculate brilliantly and without responsibility, to the age of exact knowledge, and without this chasm being adequately marked.

A conventionally respectful summary of Hobbes's philosophy is usually a bad sign, unless attention is concentrated on his political thought alone. His philosophy of mind and matter was really no more than a gay improvisation, and it is strange to find his simple superstitions still taken seriously. Surely Newton should stand at the centre, dividing the book into two halves. After

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STEEL– A RECORD YEAR

Biggest-ever output flows from Britain's busy furnaces

BRITAIN'S steel production in 1960 was the greatest ever recorded: over 24 million ingot tons. Output was running close to capacity in almost every section of the industry. Total production was *twenty per cent* above 1959.

Britain's capacity to produce steel has been increasing by leaps and bounds as a result of the £900 million which has been spent on three great development programmes. Last year alone the steel industry spent £130 million on development, *one-sixth* of all the money spent by manufacturing industry on capital investment in this country.

In the next four years the industry has already planned to spend another £450 million, and to raise its production potential by nearly one-third.

Another article on the opposite page describes a great new development in Scotland, which brings with it the promise of greater prosperity across the Border. Also in hand is a vast project near Newport, Monmouthshire. This is the Spencer works of Richard Thomas & Baldwins, which when completed will be Europe's most modern integrated steelworks. An enormous green-field site has been laid out, and work is going ahead at a tremendous pace.

Expansion under way

Three more new mills to roll improved and more efficient sections for building and constructional work will come into operation shortly at Colvilles, South Durham and the United Steel Companies.

Among the very large schemes announced in 1960 were the Tinsley Park scheme of the English Steel Corporation to increase their output of alloy and special steels, costing £26 million; the United Steel Companies' plans at Appleby-Frodingham and Samuel Fox, costing £32½ million; a Dorman Long plan costing £36 million; and the entirely new works at Rotherham of the Park Gate Iron and Steel Company which will cost £55-60 million.

Output up all round

All sides of the steel industry have shared in the increase in output which took place in 1960. Heavy sections and bars were 26% above the previous year, light sections and bars were close behind with a 24% increase, with plate running them close with a 23% increase. Alloy steel was 22% up, sheet and tinplate 14% up, and tubes 12% up.

What are the prospects for 1961? The industry will be able to improve on the 1960 record figure. Capacity in 1960 was nearly 26 million tons – this year it will be 27 million tons. All the time, the industry is expanding to meet future demand. This expansion is geared, not to any yearly fluctuations in our manufacturing activity, but to the steadily rising curve. It is in the confidence that this curve *will* go on steadily rising, that the many far-reaching development plans in steel are being pressed forward without slackening.

Exports a record too

Besides the enormous amount of steel which Britain exported last year in the form of manufactured goods, the steel industry's own direct exports of steel were booming.

Over 4 million ingot tons, valued at some £230 million, went into direct exports of steel in 1960 – a post-war record.

Latest available figures show that well over one-third of this went to Commonwealth countries: exports to the Commonwealth were 20% up on 1959 in tonnage. Tonnage of exports to Western Europe showed a similar upsurge. Exports to the Soviet Bloc including China, though small by comparison with total exports, also showed an increase.

Two new steels for supersonic flight

What will the supersonic airliner of the future be made from? Opinions are divided, but the Bristol T.188 research plane, which has been built to explore the problem of flight at speeds of the order of 1,800 m.p.h., is made from heat-resistant stainless steel to withstand the high temperatures caused by the friction of the air at such speeds.

The steel scientists of Sheffield have produced two new types of steel from the experience of the Bristol T.188. Although heat-resisting alloy steels had already been in use in jet engines for many years, these were not suitable for making large thin sheets of the kind required to build an airframe. The new steels produced in Sheffield are capable of being made in large sheets, and can be "worked" into the complicated shapes required.

New bridges hang on steel

The new road bridge over the Firth of Forth is being anchored into the solid rock with specially thick steel cables. They are 1¼ in. in diameter and have a breaking load of more than 350 tons. Over a thousand of these cables, enclosed in groups of four in 4½ in. diameter steel tubes, are embedded 240 feet into the rock. Other similar cables are being used to support the 110 ft. high towers until the main steel suspension cables are in position.

Other new bridges using steel suspension cables are planned over the Wye and Severn. Altogether some 70,000 tons of steel will go into the three bridges.

STEEL–THE YEARS AHEAD

New strip mill promises brighter future for thousands

BY MARGARET STEWART

THERE is no problem of mass unemployment in Britain today as there was before the war. But there are still black spots. Scotland has 72,000 jobless, 3·3% of all its workers. In Greenock and Port Glasgow the proportion is as high as 8·1%. The national average is 1·6%.

New light industry has brought 50,000 jobs to the Clyde valley since the war. But Scotland is still over-dependent on heavy industry.

The steel industry is playing a vital part in redressing the balance, and bringing hope of an industrial renaissance. Colvilles, one of the leading British producers, are going ahead with ambitious plans to raise their steel-making capacity from 2·3 to 3·3 million tons a year. Their most important and imaginative project will produce 500,000 tons of steel sheet and 175,000 tons of light plates a year. It is in two parts–a hot strip mill at Ravenscraig and a cold reduction mill at Gartcosh, 8 miles away.

This is a completely new development for Scottish industry, traditionally a user of heavy steel. The Scots hope that plentiful supplies of sheet steel will attract manufacturers of cars, car accessories, refrigerators, washing machines, cookers, and office furniture. A canning industry could follow. Rootes and the British Motor Corporation have already decided to go north.

Snowball effect

Sir Andrew McCance, chairman of Colvilles, told me: "But for the strip mill, these motor car firms would not have elected to come to Scotland. They will bring a lot of ancillary trades, and the cumulative effect is bound to be substantial."

Mr. John Lang, steel union leader, chairman of the Scottish Board for Industry, and treasurer of the Scottish TUC, said there had been many encouraging enquires.

The Government's decision to lend Colvilles £50 million for Ravenscraig caused controversy in Parliament. Labour spokesmen said it was wrong to use public money for the benefit of shareholders. Conservative back-bench MPs attacked the loan as "bastard socialism".

But the Scot-in-the-Street was spoken for by Mr. Lang: "We don't care a damn where the money comes from, so long as our men don't have to walk the streets looking for jobs."

MARTIN:
"A dandy layout"

Plans are going ahead in spite of the recession in the car industry. What extra employment will result? Perhaps another 1,500—2,000 steel workers will be needed. The car developments should provide upwards of 10,000 jobs directly. The Pressed Steel Company is expanding its plant near Paisley to produce bodies for cars and commercial vehicles. A new development by the accessory firm of Rubery Owen, scheduled for Bathgate, will mean work initially for about 200. And there will be a "snowball" effect from these developments within the next few years.

100% success

In spite of belting rain, looming fog and the grime of the Glasgow "countryside", it was stimulating to visit the Ravenscraig and Gartcosh sites. The men on the job impart their own infectious enthusiasm.

William Banks, general manager of Ravenscraig, has watched its progress for three years. "I have a great deal of faith in the future of the steel industry, and of our company in particular," he said. "I believe we shall have 100 per cent success."

More steel-making capacity is being installed to supply the new mill. Ravenscraig will be one of the first large plants in this country to adopt the "L.D.-A.C." process, one of the most modern and economic methods of making steel, using oxygen and lime.

About two-thirds of the output of the hot strip mill will be sent to Gartcosh to be cold-rolled into high quality sheet.

There is a strong reason for building at Gartcosh. Nine hundred men work there in the old hand mills of Smith and McLean. Their livelihood depends on steel.

Progress at Gartcosh, as at Ravenscraig, is well up to schedule. George Martin, the "boss", told me that American experts to whom he showed the plans had commented, "That's a dandy layout."

At first 500 men will be employed, rising to 1,000. Most of Smith and McLean's men will be found work. "We will go out of our way to place them in suitable jobs," I was told. The older men will be taken care of by a pensions scheme.

There is naturally great interest in the new plant. Everyone I met hopes to be taken on.

William Dickson, 21, who works as a "breaker-down", splitting steel bars, expects to be transferred and hopes for higher earnings. Leading furnaceman William McCormack, though about 60, also hopes to be taken over. He vividly recalls the bad days of mass unemployment and short time in the 1930s.

WATSON:
"Finest thing that ever happened"

The two men who will manage the hot and cold strip mills are both in their early thirties. James Watson, manager-designate of the hot strip mill at Ravenscraig, is 34. His opposite number at Gartcosh, James Easton, is 31. Both have been through Colvilles' 'sandwich' courses at the Glasgow Royal College of Science and Technology. Both are brimful of confidence in themselves, their industry and the future of Scotland.

Says Watson: "This is the finest thing that has ever happened to me." Says Easton: "The prospects couldn't be better."

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HERBERT READ

Newton the problem left to philosophers is to determine the limits of scientific method, particularly in its application to human beings and to society. This problem is still with us.

We now have the habit of writing about two cultures, the scientific and literary, of deploring their separation and of looking for a cure in education. But there is a deeper and older division concealed behind these facile terms: the division between reason and imagination. After the standards of reason had been finally set by the physical sciences and mathematics, there remained the philosopher's defence that still the human mind itself is substantially outside the reach of any similar rational understanding. This has been the anxious theme of philosophical speculation from the time of Kant and Hegel until the present day. If an imaginative, and not a rational, understanding of human institutions, of art, religion and social life, is alone possible, we can set a limit to scientific method; speculative philosophers, with creative artists, still have a territory of their own. But we cannot be sure of this dividing line, as earlier philosophers could not be sure of the possibility of an adequate physical scene. The lists are drawn up on either side, and it is not an accident that almost all the great writers of this time have been suspicious of scientific method, and of the claims of reason in human affairs, while modern philosophers have been divided by the issue into two opposing schools. It is not easy to decide upon the relative places of the arts and sciences in education until this philosophical doubt is resolved.

This survey of thought from Leonardo to Hegel is rather disappointing, as if the authors' original purpose had somehow disappeared in the actual writing.

STUART HAMPSHIRE

Explorers and Eccentrics

The White Nile. By ALAN MOOREHEAD. *Hamish Hamilton. 25s.*

Once more Alan Moorehead has shown his mastery of panorama, his power of bringing clear detail and physical life to a large and confusing subject. He tells the dramatic story of the search for the source of the White Nile in the nineteenth century and the long-drawn-out agony of the opening of eastern tropical Africa. It begins in 1856 with Speke and Burton's expedition from Zanzibar and the discovery of Lake Victoria, continues with the arduous Baker and his beautiful Hungarian wife who worked their way up the river through the terrible marshes of the Sudd to Lake Albert, Livingstone on Tanganyika and the rescue by Stanley. These are the scholars, geographers and explorers. The story passes into the hands of the administrators of Egypt and the Sudan, the opening-up of territory, the triumph and tragedy of Gordon, the peculiar story of Emin, the German Moslem – who has been called the only really intelligent man of the period and certainly the only one to put understanding of the people before geography and politics.

And after war, disease and famine have wrecked the life of the region, Wolseley and Kitchener come to put an end to random murderous tribal anarchy of the poisoned spear with the more efficiently murderous maxim gun. On the side lines are the powerful consuls, Baring and Kirk, caught between Whitehall and the lonely, ruthless and uncontrollable masochists of genius, lost in the interior, fanatics among the fanatical.

When we look back from the speed, the orderliness, the coolly organised operation of modern adventure to these Victorian expeditions, we must be struck by the fact that only towering individuals could have undertaken them. They were men on their own. They were either mad before they started or Africa made them mad: Burton is as wild as a tiger; Speke relentlessly drives himself; the amiable Baker and his golden-haired wife are nearer to the norm, but incredible suffering changes them; Livingstone is exalted; Stanley, the brutal, bull-dozing exhibitionist, out for himself, is an empire-builder without knowing it and his every action alarms. The superb, instinctive Gordon rushing about the Sudan on his camel to settle each trouble himself has an aversion from success; he is a natural, self-lashing solitary. And Emin, the German – alone among all these figures in his total inability to command – has the gift of self-immolation to such a degree of morbidity that no one trusts him.

Neither Gordon, Livingstone nor Emin wants to be rescued, although they have seen massacre and every horror. Their kind of solitude scarcely exists nowadays. It had its origin in the fact that must startle the modern reader: they walked. They walked – beyond any communication. It was a year before Baker heard that Speke had died. Livingstone was for years forgotten. Even when the steamer and the telegraph served Gordon on the Nile, the habit of loneliness survived. Gordon actually let his code book go with the party who escaped from Khartoum and had no idea what Baring's telegrams from Cairo meant. He preferred standing on his roof with his telescope.

The slowness of movement, the feebleness or lack of communication with the outside world, give a gravity and personal grandeur to the drama of African discovery. All depends on character and it is the great merit of Mr Moorehead's book that he has concentrated on that. We see Speke, the soldier, obedient to the truculent Burton, yet meticulously persisting; we see Burton's ambiguous contempt, half-reasonable, half-vengefully jealous. We see Livingstone longing to settle the question of the Nile and really dreading that he might be at the head of the Congo; we see Stanley at a loss before the moral superiority of Livingstone, that quality being one which Stanley, the orphanage boy, with his war against the world, had never heard of. We see the hopeless conflict between Baring, the brilliant administrator, and Gordon who beat him down:

> Baring was a great deal more than a stuffed shirt, and any balanced judge of his dealings with Gordon will admit that, throughout the tumultuous years that lay ahead, it was he and not Gordon who was fair, patient, loyal and very sensible. Spontaneity he lacked and perhaps Gordon's flair for seeing into the simple truth of things – but he was a remarkable administrator and he was not afraid . . . But unlike Baring, (Gordon) cannot approach the world's miseries through the filter of official papers and reasoned judgments; he has to attack them with all the passion of his warm and generous nature. They are his personal responsibility. And of course he exhausts his strength, arouses jealousies, makes enemies and finally recoils upon himself. Hence the 'doles', the sudden rages, the recourse to the occasional 'b's and s's' and the inevitable self-disgust.

The whole tale is one of temperaments made utterly irreconcilable by loneliness and suffering, so that almost every meeting and greeting of the long-lost ends in either a row or a hard and silent breach. These haggard, fevered gods are suspicious and touchy; and they all want something different – a scholarly certainty (Burton), a moment of inspiration or the luck of the big game hunt (Speke), the death of the slave trade and something mystical besides (Livingstone), the felicity of Robinson Crusoe (Baker), victory and publicity (Stanley) – and so on. In some ways Stanley is the most interesting; it is he who forcefully achieves the two dramatic encounters of the period. In one – the famous meeting with Livingstone – he is almost ashamed of his triumph; the awful, bumptious courageous vulgarian bursting with money, has caught a saint; but in the second encounter, his meeting with Emin, the situation is very different. Stanley's journey up the Congo is one of the most horrible in the stories of travel. His enormous party was decimated and it was he who arrived sick and beaten before the trim, evasive, smiling figure of the eccentric Emin – who would neither say 'yes' nor 'no' to the jobs he was offered by the King of the Belgians or the British, who refused to be rescued and drove Stanley nearly mad.

The Egyptians, the Mahdi, the Khalifa and the Negro chieftains are equally well-drawn; one switches from the political scene in London, Paris or Cairo to the local struggle in the desert or on the river, easily grasping what is at issue and how men's minds fail to meet. Mr Moorehead is a master of the art of reliving. He understands tragic irony, without – as Lytton Strachey did – losing sight of the fact that here the masculine will was at full stretch. He is lucky in that many of his protagonists wrote good books and kept detailed diaries; but he appears to have visited every inch of the scene himself and puts it before us with simplicity and power.

V. S. PRITCHETT

A Full-Blown Lily

The Lotus and the Robot. By ARTHUR KOESTLER. *Hutchinson. 25s.*

It has immense impact; the arrival at Bombay which starts the book must be the most gripping space landing in science fiction; and the chapter 'Yoga Unexpurgated' is far too horrible for me to read. In between comes an account of 'Four Contemporary Saints,' and one is bound to feel the splendid breadth with which Hinduism is being scrutinised, novelistically, mystically, scientifically, at every level and through every chink. It's a rash fakir that looks gruff at Koestler, let alone makes him stand in a queue; a sharp test of sanctity there's going to be for that revered pagan, in the next batch of press cuttings for him or her. The spirituality of the East and the materialism of the West, one should readily agree, have become harmful clichés which deserve attack; indeed the book would be justified if the chapter on Yoga Research induced even one young Indian on the verge of those practices to believe that their promise of magical power is false. Even so, it is hard to believe that Indians, owing to their neurotic fear of sex, are peculiarly unable to eat curry.

The chief moral of the book is that Koestler is now proud to be a Western European, as he is disillusioned with Zen and Yoga. But India and Hinduism are not all Yoga, nor Buddhism and Japan all Zen. After his renunciation of politics, one is interested to know what he will recommend. He is indignant because Nehru planned a Pink Utopia, suited to the Fabianism of the Twenties, or perhaps because the Indians were too father-ridden to stop him. We are given no reason to think that Nehru's plans were mistaken, and to call them pink feels to me suited to Mosleyites in 1939. He conveys powerfully the horror of the over-population of India, and then we find him 'depressed' because the Japanese have halved their birthrate, or perhaps because they have legalised abortion. The book keeps on implying that he is less materialist than the Asians are, whereas it ought to be exposing the bogusness of that term.

In Japan the main thing he attacks is a certain silliness, already well known from previous tourists, and one might fear that this would be an anti-climax after the monstrosities of Ancient Night. But no, he manages to get the real Sunday-newspaper panting horror into his description of the deportment of the young ladies; they are wired within, like the flowers. It is eked out with claims to intense sensibility: 'I have lived through the London blitz and was bombed out by a V2, but this quite insignificant tremor is something different'. He has rather bad luck ('I felt, for instance, a curious affinity . . .') in his explanation of how footling the Noh plays are: 'All violent emotions, like uncouth nature, have become . . . daintified'. If he had waited to the end of the play, which only takes about an hour and a half, he would probably have found the ghost of the warrior doing a good old South Sea Island war dance, stamping like a buck rabbit, to a terrific chorus of yowling. The forces of the world are strong at the climax in the music and dance, as they need to be since loyalty to them keeps the ghost from his peace; but, as they are not in the words, we tend to assume that the whole performance is just Celtic Twilight. Koestler would have had to blame the play for some-

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thing different if he had sat it through. (By the way, I can't believe that Japanese madmen are never violent.) As to Zen, a mystical school which denies the value of explanation would be inconsistent if it gave a reporter sensible answers; but much of Japanese Buddhism is very like the Church of England, both in its weaknesses and virtues.

The thesis of the book requires 'Europe' to be a single though growing entity; Christianity and science have always been one, and the only astronomers mentioned are Jesuits. A mention of 'Judeo-Christian monotheism' is as much credit as the Semites can expect, especially as the Arabs only copied the Greeks. It all brings comfort because it proves that the whites are genuinely superior. I think that this belief, even if true (it is grotesquely untrue about Christianity), is not likely to do us good, and the mind strays from the doctrine to its preacher. Soon after the war, Koestler felt he hadn't enough petrol, and wrote to the *Partisan Review* 'The Labour Party is betraying its trust. I have to bicycle a mile and a half for my groceries. We old-established country squires are being wronged' (or words politically leaving that impression). I had managed to get back to China and had taken on more bicycling than Koestler, so I laughed at this; but no doubt he was reporting a widespread sentiment. Yet again the press shakes with the throbbing bellow of Koestler being wronged: 'It's a shame. With all the publicity Zen and Yoga are having, we Christian saints can hardly get on the telly at all'. Still, the exposure of Yoga was needed, and there the claim to speak with authority seems justified; and maybe the support for Christianity won't do much harm.

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What View?

The Lower View. By PHILIP O'CONNOR. *Faber.* 16*s.*

The Lower View, Mr Philip O'Connor's sequel to *Memoirs of a Public Baby*, is a curiosity, an eccentric mixture of social, literary and philosophical analysis, intensely personal statement, and a tantalising minimum of autobiographical information. The book moves in so many directions at once that it is difficult to track down its real intention – what, after all, does Mr O'Connor want to tell us? What is behind his breathless urgency, his hectic insistence? The answers are never revealed, and eventually Mr O'Connor's air of enthusiastic frankness, which at first carries one along in anticipation, becomes a kind of taunt.

The first half of the book promises to be an account of crucial stages in the author's recent life and a discussion of the significance of the choices involved. In stark outline, the possibilities are certainly there: Mr O'Connor leaves one woman, goes to live with another – who has a daughter by him – retreats to the country to write and think, develops a close friendship with a 'literary lady', embarks on a prolonged tramp, finds work as a telephone operator, moves into a flat in Hampstead and marries the landlady and finally leaves his wife and cycles off to interview distinguished literary figures.

Unfortunately, Mr O'Connor does little more than *state* the facts, which are then used ruthlessly as springboards for a rush of generalisation and turgid analysis. This process produces a curious effect; the situations are not so much illuminated by the accompanying theorising as blurred out of any significance; instead of the necessarily intimate connexion between remembered feeling and the suggestive consideration it should provoke, we are offered what amounts merely to cliché disguised as paradox:

> Yet, the mother complex explanation goes a long way – the early rupture from the mother will inevitably make one associate women with protectors: for the darkest romantics, with graves (or wombs – the same thing).

This sort of thing reminds one, uncomfortably, of *The Unquiet Grave*. Mr O'Connor points out that he is an amateur and an innocent in intellectual matters, but most of his performances when dealing with the arts are highly literary and far from humble; here is his recorded response to 'a series of concerts of contemporary chamber music':

> The protest here suggests the following hackneyed but vivid-to-me image: the wild and clawing hunger of the sea on the rocks, the sea being the aspiring and idealistic heart trying to penetrate, thousands of years before the scheduled time, the rocks of the opposing establishment of dead values; the sea of heart/music screaming in its extended, violin-linear reaching for the rocks: and the sea receding in philosophical grumbles in depth to match the height of the rocks. The desperation in this quartet was a salutory shock after seeing the quiet composer: not that one couldn't suspect.

And Mr O'Connor can toss off asides with the same abandoned self-consciousness – 'the cry of a poem could always be drawn (by Klee?)'.

The second half of the book consists mainly of an account of interviews with various 'artistic and literary notabilities', among them Sir Herbert Read, Stephen Spender, Bertrand Russell and Edwin Muir; these exchanges are remarkably uninformative – with one striking exception:

> P.O'C.: Your heart is lodged – here and now, in your earliest life, ahead?
> SPENDER: My heart is lodged in the Far East.
> P.O'C.: You love mostly: art or people?
> SPENDER: Well, I don't love 'people', but I do love two or three persons, and I think I may love them because they are, in my own thoughts and dreams, objects of infinite contemplation, and therefore perhaps the same as art. Perhaps it would be true to say that, like many perverted people, I began by loving art, so turned to people who were poems or paintings, but, above all, not books.
> P.O'C.: When despair as a fashion is over, what other terrible thing can we expect?

And so, in a way, criticism is disarmed.

SIMON GRAY

Goosey Goosey

Field with Geese. By LYN IRVINE. *Hamish Hamilton.* 16*s.*

Some books one can live in for a while, and that has been my experience with Miss Lyn Irvine's *Field with Geese*. One needn't have kept geese to enjoy it; the book itself provides a goose world as self-contained as a Jane Austen novel and almost as beguiling. It is conveyed with cool distinctness:

> About the third week goslings begin to grow at such a pace and graze so voraciously that their late hours become very trying to a hen foster-mother. She calls them and trips off towards the coop, but the children do not follow. They are lined across the lawn, bubbling their assurances to one another, plucking at the short sweet grass as if for a wager. From time to time one of them slumps on to its full paunch to rest its legs but goes on grazing without pause. Pale sprigs of feathers, not visible in the morning, have sprouted from their soft tails as a result of the day's labours. They are little machines working incessantly on the tasks of turning grass into gosling and gosling into goose. Fingers of what might be creamed spinach by the look and the smell fall effortlessly and unnoticed behind them every few minutes. The mother hen calls again and is still disregarded; she stands in the dying light, her legs straddling with fatigue, watching her plagues with hot perplexed eyes, until I take pity and gather up the protesting goslings and carry them to bed . . .

Well, do you want to go on? The prose comes from one who has watched, waited, and understood to a remarkable degree, and who never slips over the line of sentimental interpretation.

The nearer she gets to her flock of seven, the more she recognises the difference in kind of that sociability and the puzzling blue eyes. To begin with, she reflects, a bird doesn't know it's a bird; 'no gosling can even recognise its sibling as "another little moving thing just like me" – in that description "moving" alone is understood.' Attention on this clear-sighted level is rare indeed, and both naturalists and sentimentalists would do well to learn from Miss Irvine. She made notes on the spot over a period of months and years; taking as her text the dying words of Nikolaus von Halem, a victim of the Nazis, that 'we can and must endure consciously what the plants undergo without consciousness', she moves towards this empathy with complete propriety. Nothing is blurred, no after-emotion washed in. Common goose is what she is after, and common goose we get, as I think never before in writing.

Her seven (sometimes they were a few more, sometimes less) set up a braying or murmur musically, cock their flat eyes at a first jet plane, stand two together twined like oil and vinegar bottles, march in flat-footed file or vibrantly take to the air, nibble endlessly, fight, mate, stand listening, seek the excitement of the bath. Attitudes, inklings are snapped up by Miss Irvine with unfailing devotion. I don't think she has missed anything – except possibly the absurd pomp of a gander returning from warning off strangers, even unsuccessfully. But this may be peculiar to Chinese geese, which I know better than Miss Irvine's white. To say that they are stupid is stupid itself. Their peculiarities are their size, their staple diet of grass, the unbirdlike stillness, the independence of the young, and the intricate problem of mating. If coupling were easy, geese would be deprived of their many exciting shows, and would probably (suggests Miss Irvine) not be so long-lived.

G. W. STONIER

The Heart of the Play

The Elements of Drama. By J. L. STYAN. *Cambridge.* 25*s.*

Benson and the Bensonians. By J. C. TREWIN. *Barrie & Rockliff.* 42*s.*

It is, I suspect, the enduring hope of stumbling one day on the truth that guarantees the survival of such books as Mr Styan's. The elements of drama. Well, what are they? What are the components of the fragile miracle that takes place in a good production? Two hundred and ninety pages later you emerge slightly more bewildered than before wondering whether you have missed the key argument or whether the whole thing was a confidence trick.

Like many academic commentators on drama Mr Styan has an assurance that takes your breath away: what he proposes in his introduction is nothing less than 'a completer criticism for drama, one which embraces both its visual and aural elements.' Such an approach need not be ruled out altogether: Percy Lubbock achieved something of the sort (admittedly on a less complex subject) in *The Craft of Fiction.* But whereas Lubbock never lost sight of the near impossibility of holding an extended piece of work in the mind, Mr Styan is satisfied to point out that a play is a temporal entity and leave it at that. He is well aware of the vocabulary problem – 'We turn to medicine, music or psychology in order to talk at all'; but he fails to acknowledge that if a work is to be organically assessed, the method of criticism must itself be organic.

What we get instead is dissection, and the futility of this exercise is accurately reflected in the three main section headings: 'The Dramatic Score', 'Orchestration', and 'Values'. Content is thus set aside for two thirds of the time while Mr Styan discourses on 'shifting impressions', 'ironies' and 'suggestion' in the manner of Ebenezer Prout revealing the higher uses of the Neapolitan Sixth – a process which leads him into such absurdities as discussing *Othello* and *A Sleep of Prisoners* in the same breath.

What Mr Styan enjoys is a good bit of close analysis, and he repeatedly strays away from the main argument into prolonged scrutiny of a fragment of dialogue. These digressions are thoughtful, but they do not disclose an instinct for what the theatre really *is*: 'subtle' is Mr Styan's highest term

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of praise, and he becomes very distant when dealing with 'the gross indulgences of melodrama'. Altogether – even though he includes acting and direction among the elements – his notion of drama is as far removed as Bradley's from the unholy trade.

Mr Trewin, in characteristic form, is in the trade up to his neck: and whether or not you are addicted to this blinkered species of stage biography, the book usefully fills a gap in theatre history. Benson was the odd man out among actor-managers: a university athlete, dedicated equally to Shakespeare and sport, who created an ensemble company at a time when the star system was at its height. By all accounts not a performer of the front rank himself, he had a potent influence on classical English acting and it was he who raised Stratford from provincial obscurity to its present eminence.

Mr Trewin recounts his life in the usual Green Room manner of affectionate incuriosity. Benson, it seems, lived mainly on buns, rarely read a book, and was so much devoted to exercise that at the age of 72 he would walk over 30 miles to an engagement. Facts of this kind are thrown out as endearing eccentricities, not as a help to understanding the man. The work of the company, similarly, is presented chiefly in anecdotes, particularly in tales of things going wrong ('Good Hamlet, cast thy coloured nightie off' etc.). Mr. Trewin's oscillation between triviality and bardic purple leaves his book without a core of seriousness. But he has collected the facts, and on pages 227-229 he quotes a letter from W. Bridges-Adams which reads, to one who never saw him, like the last word on Benson.

IRVING WARDLE

Aimez-vous Bach . . .

Jealousy. By ALAIN ROBBE-GRILLET. Translated by RICHARD HOWARD. *Calder.* 15*s.*

'Il s'agit pourtant ici', said Alain Robbe-Grillet in the introduction to his most recent novel, *Dans le labyrinthe*, 'd'une réalité strictement matérielle, c'est-à-dire qu'elle ne prétend à aucune valeur allégorique.' In that instance, the labyrinth was one of streets through which a soldier wanders, searching – without knowing why – for an address he has forgotten. So, having already dispensed with plot and psychology, Robbe-Grillet also fended off the meaning-hunters. What was left seemed exiguous and futile. Robbe-Grillet's finicking inventories of the physical world bored rather than reassured, creating a world in which the proffered solace of a hold on material things meant nothing because there was no one alive enough in the novel to need that kind of help. The home truth Robbe-Grillet seemed to be forgetting, or dodging, was the simple one that art is mimetic. Whether or not we decide to assume attitudes and obsessions presented in a novel depends on what the people in the novel get out of them. We were, in fact, in both *Le Voyeur*, the least rarefied of his novels, and *Dans le labyrinthe*, being offered a narrator's obsession: the narrator, a deliberate creation, took little part in the action (or rather in the procession of sentences), saw things defectively and should have been replaced by an observer with more information. It may be an arresting trick to present people as if they were unknown animals in an observation-chamber; it is also a wilful distortion of what most of us, in our rough-and-ready everyday way, think we *know*.

The same defect is to be found in *Jealousy*, carefully translated by Richard Howard. The narrator botanises obsessively about the trivia of the daily round – and perhaps he does teach one to attend more carefully to the geometry of horizon, twig and window, to the structure of insects, the texture of wood and the sound of hair being combed. There is even a plan of the house in which most of the selected incidents take place. The setting is tropical; the incessantly acute descriptions choke us, and the whole novel seems written expressly for critics to theorise about. A woman referred to as A . . . is having some kind of an affair with a neighbour, Franck. Nothing much happens, except that cocktails are taken on the terrace, meals quietly eaten; a trip into town is planned, and a novel is read. From time to time, Franck crushes a centipede. Outside the house, the banana plantation swells; inside, the physical presence of A . . . confronts that of Franck. Their foreheads touch once; perhaps they kiss – the narrator doesn't say. Their car crashes on the way into town and catches fire; yet they are soon back on the terrace, sipping and serenely pondering, and exchanging banalities. Robbe-Grillet's main effort is towards repeating, regardless of chronology, accounts of the same incidents or occasions.

Jealousy collates the similar and peels apart what is usually lumped together. It is all epitome and tension; unfortunately the epitomes, like wheels on ice, spin in grooves 20 pages long, and nothing moves forward. True, this technique does give one that extraordinary 'I-have-been-here-before' feeling – but too often. Prose, even when employed in a double fugue, is not music, and the unrepeated bits get lost simply because one is so surprised, put out, by the repetitions themselves. The narrator is importunate: at one point he tells the reader, 'This is the moment when the scene of the squashing of the centipede on the bare wall occurs'. I myself don't like being nudged like that. Round we go – cocktails, centipede, the novel they're both reading, the letter she's writing, her walking, his tapering fingers, cocktails, centipede . . . The whole is at least hypnotic and conveys harrowingly the vast part of our lives that is automatic. Robbe-Grillet is much subtler than a fact-fetichist; he really does communicate his keen response to minutiae.

In the long run, however, just one view of man is not enough. A novelist needs more than one trick. I wish Robbe-Grillet would fit his one highly developed technique into a fairly orthodox novel: in fact *Le Voyeur* promised something rich and strange within familiar limits. *Jealousy*, however, takes him into tricky country that lies somewhere between seed-catalogues and chamber music. Like Franck (who is listing the parts of his car engine), Robbe-Grillet 'performs this exhaustive inventory with a concern for exactitude which obliges him to mention a number of elements that are ordinarily understood without being referred to.' Robbe-Grillet's Bach-prose enthrals the reader with sense-data; but scrutiny of banana skins will never expose the fact that people, unlike bananas, are not identical inside.

Yet there is hope: even the narrator in *Jealousy* speculates now and then; a few moods slip through. Robbe-Grillet's antithesis, Mme Nathalie Sarraute, deals in inchoate, nascent thoughts and therefore unfinished sentences. Between her biological, plotless and pre-psychological cycles and his philatelic obsessions, there is little to choose. Each extreme represents a discovery, and one must hope for saner applications. Meanwhile, better than either is Michel Butor's subtle account, in *La Modification*, of a man's treadmilling thoughts as he lolls in the train taking him from his wife in Paris to his mistress in Rome. Robbe-Grillet's Seeing Eye, owing so much to Proust, would do well to borrow *all* that Proust offers. Psychology, as Proust and Butor have proved, is not necessarily the sire of the trite. And obliquity isn't the only way of being original, any more than being direct precludes subtlety.

PAUL WEST

Up with Wordsworth?

The Simple Wordsworth. By JOHN F. DANBY. *Routledge.* 18*s.*

'Simple' means roughly what you would expect it to mean: Professor Danby is considering the withdrawal from a tired eighteenth-century diction into the language really used by men. But his application of the word to some of the lyrical ballads is surprising. He sets out, by examining 'Simon Lee,' 'The Idiot Boy' and 'The Thorn', to prove the artful sophistication, and artistic success, of Wordsworth's simplicity. I don't think he proves much. Sometimes his argument is tendentious, as when he points to *The Borderers* as the 'biggest' of the early works: 'At the time of writing *Lyrical Ballads* Wordsworth was in fact as much a dramatist as a poet'. Yes, but *The Borderers* is the world's worst play – all five unactable Acts of it. 'Biggest' is merely physical, a naive disguise for Wordsworth's complete dramatic incapacity. This is a poor introduction to the 'essentially dramatic self-projection' of the ballads.

And some of the claims he makes are almost empty. Speaking of 'The Waggoner' and the 'ventriloquism' whereby 'the narrator's voice is replaced naturally by the Cumberland tones of the Waggoner himself or of an understanding Cumberland neighbour', he declares:

> Wordsworth obtains his effect by modulating neither into dialect syntax nor vocabulary, but by reproducing the much subtler thing only a native ear could recognize – the vowel harmonies of the northern rhymes and word-sequences . . .

Then is it the southern reader's fault that for him this effect is unachieved? And where are the northern rhymes? Elsewhere Wordsworth rhymes notes/thoughts (and in a letter he produces the interesting mis-spelling 'naughts'). But there is nothing like this in the passage Professor Danby quotes to substantiate his judgment.

There is also the danger that readers will be put off by his dull opening (especially if its dullness makes them glance fretfully at his really wild conclusion), and so leave two valuable middle chapters unstudied. Stage-setting, through inert half-false generalisation ('In philosophy the age of Locke and Hartley was yielding to something Kantian and Germanic'), would have been better dispensed with. Nor is banality redeemed by the familiar device for disarming criticism: 'All this is fairly commonplace but . . .'

That unfortunate conclusion revolves (almost literally) round the proposition that Wordsworth 'was the last great representative in English Poetry of the renaissance tradition'. Sense might be made of this view, but not by the 'Up with Wordsworth, down with Keats' method of Professor Danby. Middleton Murry at his most partisan – and Murry recanted later – never persuaded himself that 'Keats was rejecting the whole tradition in which Wordsworth stood'. And what do you think of 'Keats was cockney and effeminate' and 'Keats is outside the renaissance tradition entirely' for literary criticism? The recklessness of this is remarkable, particularly since Professor Danby is maintaining Wordsworth's intimacy with Chaucer, Spenser and Milton: his idea of a renaissance tradition is not entirely eccentric. (But his ignoring of Shakespeare does suggest that his anti-Keats fanaticism is tinged with a kind of prudence.)

Tucked away is the chapter on the poetry Wordsworth wrote at Goslar, huddled indoors in the coldest weather of the century, hating the Germans. This is memorable. Professor Danby's reading of the Matthew poems, his argument that they have been unjustly subordinated to Lucy, is fresh and entirely convincing. And the next chapter, on Wordsworth and 'Nature', also has some good things in it. I would not agree that the landscape details of 'Tintern Abbey' are 'strangely inert', or that they 'are scarcely central to the mood and matter of the poem', because I think the pin-pointing process ('Here, under this dark sycamore') vitally important, and successful. However Professor Danby is writing well enough to make one think carefully before disagreeing, and this is the life of criticism. It is very strange that the man who writes these two chapters also keeps a well-stocked larder of formulations like 'For Keats, poetry that has an open design on us is no-poetry; poetry should simply tell the most heart-easing things'. Naughty, this one, because the *non sequitur* carries the bogus authority of submerged quotation from the arraigned poet.

JOHN JONES

TOYS IN THE ATTIC ★ ★ ★ ★

This fine play must be withdrawn on January 21st, and you are urged to see it before then

"A highly intelligent, very well organised play with some fine scenes and many moving moments." *T. C. Worsley, Financial Times.*

"The acting by Wendy Hiller, Diana Wynyard, Coral Browne and Ian Bannen is superb." *David Nathan, Daily Herald.*

"Miss Hellman's superb craftmanship." *Milton Shulman, Evening Standard.*

"A work of extraordinary power. And I am lost in admiration of the brilliance of the writing which makes literally every moment of the play dramatically intense." *Lionel Trilling*

"Unlike most modern plays, TOYS IN THE ATTIC is filled with people. They are held together by hundreds of knots: the wonderful jaws of Miss Hellman's construction clash shut on something alive." *Robert Lowell.*

"Lilian Hellman—as TOYS IN THE ATTIC demonstrates again—is one of the few Americans now writing who possess a genuine tragic sense; the courage to face difficult human problems, the insight to illuminate them for us, and the style to make them memorable." *Harry Levin.*

"TOYS IN THE ATTIC contains some of the best writing I have come across in years and two scenes that are as good as anything ever done by an American playwright. But I can't think of Miss Hellman as a playwright; she is a WRITER whose medium happens to be the stage and who has restored intelligence, wit, taste, and honesty to an area of American literature which had almost forgotten what these qualities look like." *Norman Podhoretz.*

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

A Gong for the Welfare State

REYNER BANHAM

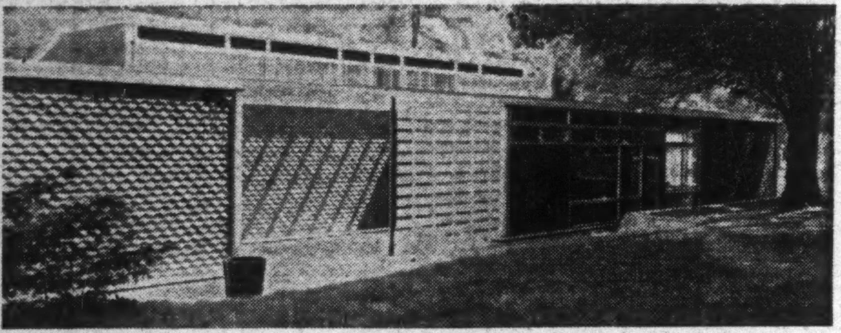
The most important new British building of 1960 was not in Britain, not even in the Commonwealth. Nor is it important because it is the work of a famous architect – quite contrariwise. In July, if you had taken a poll of the 18,000-odd registered architects in Britain on the subject 'Who is Dan Lacey?' barely a couple of hundred could have told you he was County Architect for Nottingham, but by the end of the month every thinking architect in Europe could have told you that he was the titular designer of the *Scuola Inglese* at the Triennale di Milano, which so far outdid all other exhibits there that an unprecedented class of award – Gran Premio con Menzione Speziale – had to be created for it.

Does this mean that we have a concealed genius up our municipal sleeve? I don't think so. Not even Lacey's most level-headed admirers would call him a genius, I feel; and in any case the award was not made to a man, but – in astonishment – to a team, a system, a social order: it was a gong for the Welfare State. Only one other exhibiting nation came within an ace of the Notts school, and that was the Mexicans with their emergency educational package, an elegantly brutalist little school-house devised in piety and cunning to remedy a heart-breaking famine of educational facilities. But it didn't really stand a chance in this competition – Britain cleaned up the Triennale on her first official appearance there with the same crushing and bewildering certainty of Mercedes moving back into car racing in 1954.

In other words, we weren't making a sporting entry as individuals, but as a big organisation going in to make a killing – I don't think the Min. of Ed. would have moved (any more than Mercs did) unless they felt that victory was in the bag. But not even Mercedes sent the Boss in as well to make victory speeches and sales pitches before battle was properly joined, yet there was the Minister orating away, and there were the structural contractors backing him up with advertising films, the day before the Triennale opened.

This last must have been a little galling to some of those present – the excellence of British schools is *not* a triumph of Toryism and private enterprise, Sir David and the Brockhouse organisation are rather junior members of the team. The ultimate credit must go, I suppose, to the *News Chronicle*, whose competition for a new school in the late Thirties led, one way and another, to Denis Clarke-Hall being commissioned to design Britain's first modern school, at Richmond in Yorkshire. From this, and from Gropius and Fry's Impington Village, the line of descent has been direct, but not easy.

Since the war we have slogged and sweated at the school-architecture problem as no country this side of the Iron Curtain has worked at any building-type at all. We have put up a lot of houses (every house is worth a couple of votes to someone), but not even H. Brooke could put his hand on his heart and say we have *worked* at the problem of house design. But into schools all sorts and conditions of men and organisations have poured their talents – teachers, architects, engineers, local authorities, research groups, the Ministry – and the output has been astutely directed to give maximum and optimum return on the effort expended. Since the war, year by year, we have had more and better schools for our money, until now it is really difficult for any authority to put up a bad school – in fact, it's probably illegal.



Scuola Inglese: wall panels and windows on the west elevation

Without in any way detracting from the achievement of the team from Notts and CLASP (Consortium of Local Authorities Special Programme) that designed the *Scuola Inglese*, one must point out that they stood, if not on the shoulders of giants, then on a gigantic pyramid of devoted men. Their hands were guided not only by native wit, but by a mountain of what Charles Eames would call available intelligence; they were propelled not only by their own aspirations and ambitions, but by the accumulated momentum of a system in continuous motion.

Perhaps the most important feature of the recent development of British schools is its continuity. Aims may have altered: first to find a fit shelter for a new pedagogy, later to make such an architecture universally available. Obstacles have changed: an early shortage of materials has become a shortage of cash. The motivation has varied: the Socialist aspirations of the first Welfare State giving way to a desperate scamper to keep up with the bulge. But education at all times has been too important to muck about with – researchers and architects alike have enjoyed a degree of security in office that would normally lead to somnolence – only in this case the end seems always to summon up the highest means.

But, still, the Triennale juries are not empowered to give prizes to ideas, only to things: the competition is too hot, the jealousies too sharp, the politics too cutthroat for anyone to get marks for trying. This was, in many eyes, a gong for the Welfare State, but it still had to be pinned on something tangible. What, and how, was this *Scuola Inglese*?

It was a three-form infants' school, a close sibling of the ones that Dan Lacey, Henry Swain and Co. are putting up in Nottingham using CLASP's specially developed structural system. The architecture is deceptively modest at first sight, a simple framed construction with well-thought-out joins and details, walled-in windows, or panels of tile-hanging, a cluster of classrooms around a central hall whose clerestory windows and roof rose above the flat roofing of the classrooms. The fittings were plain but good enough to win prizes in their own right, and absolutely standard for this class of school. The only thing that wasn't standard was the quantity – not quality – of play and teaching equipment on display.

There were also two hidden persuaders. One physically hidden, for only a bit of the CLASP-Brockhouse structure could be seen, just enough to reveal the necessary ingenuities of a constructional system that can take up and adjust under the stresses imposed by the earth movements of mining-subsidence areas – in other words, this visibly unassuming structure could cope, without spectacular external aids, with site conditions that would otherwise make building impossible. The second persuader is something that can't be seen by looking at the school, and that many Continentals couldn't believe after they *had* seen it; that it is not a one-off, or a special exhibition job, but a standard product built of standard parts that you buy 'off the peg'. The idea that architecture of this quality should be rolling off the production line, almost like cars or fridges, was just too much for some people.

In a way, one can't blame them, for this was architecture of real quality. The Italians know a good school when they see one. The general squalor of their educational equipment has sharpened their sensibilities in this field, but they also possess two of the finest school buildings in Europe: Terragni's beautiful little *Asilo* in Como, and Viganó's austere and rugged psychiatric institute at Baggio. Compared even with these, the Notts school was still competitive: the moment you entered, it asserted an easy, light-handed authority, a sense of elbow-room to develop in, but not so much that you got lost: the plastic image of the educational ideal it was designed to embody. Even if it had not been off-the-peg and all that, it would still have cleaned up on the strength of its manifest virtues as school architecture.

Yet it asserted this authority without being obviously brilliant. The Mexican school, faced with a plainly more heroic task, had the air of a gesture – indeed a gesture was needed in order to impress forgotten communities that education was coming. But in Britain, education has come, arrived long ago, is no longer a drastic social innovation, but an established, everyday social service, and this is a tricky situation for which to design. Le Corbusier couldn't do it, no genius could do it; the slightest sign of a forceful personality would falsify the whole proposition. The authority here came from the sustained application of experienced imagination to the resolution of every problem, however fundamental, however superficial. It had been *designed right through*, and in such a way that the absence of an over-riding architectural vision was more than compensated for by a pervasive devotion to an aim beyond architecture.

This, indeed was *une architecture autre*, something different from the architectures to which we have been accustomed since the Renaissance, in which great buildings are designed as personal statements by self-conscious men of genius, or as impersonal works by unself-conscious men who haven't heard about the genius thing. Men like Gropius have knocked themselves out to produce anonymous architecture, and simply produced buildings of such aggressive anonymity that they scream 'Gropius' a mile away. But here, where nobody is worrying about anonymity or genius, highly self-conscious specialists have come as close to a genuinely anonymous Machine-Age vernacular as anyone has done in this century. It may not look it at first sight, but it's a break-through, to which so many men have contributed that the prize could only go, with any justice, to the State that created the unique conditions in which they worked. The gong is for us, collectively.

The Youth Racket

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Perhaps our age will go down – if it doesn't first blow up – as the time when everyone wore his or her self out trying to be young. We were all boys and girls together, we Christian-named one another on sight, went in for face and stomach lifts, hormone grafts, kid slang, whoopee. Juvenile delinquency was our romance; and any underpup with a snarl could pose as a 'hero of our times.' Much of this climate was produced not by the young themselves but by their enchained elders, and this was noticeable in the arts, where youth movements brought out the exploiters, the eternally retarded, the hobblers with sticks. Films suffered especially from the elderly male lead and the director whose own arteries had hardened long ago.

These obituary sentiments were started off by Marcel Carné's *Les Tricheurs*, or *Youthful Sinners* as they must be labelled for the English palate (Cinephone). Carné has had his heyday, one has thrilled and then hesitated to him, and now, with a freezing skill that retains a glitter, he must oppose younger talents by serving up the young as he sees them. The bother is that the ground has been covered so often: so many juke boxes have moaned in bars, so many couples rocked, so much nihilism been whiffled round. True, Carné gives his picture an ample look and introduces a Dostoevskian counter-hero. This undergrounder expresses his contempt by nicking a jazz record from a shop; then cadges a drink from his rescuer; then, spicing his talk with the apophthegms of one who has come through Existentialism, he spits on friendship, wheedles his friend's girl into bed, and thoroughly enjoys himself with a Truth game at a wild party that sends our heroine zooming off in her Jaguar to cinematic death.

At moments the malignity of this character disturbs, but his showdown is theatrical as is far too much of the film, despite its realistic background. Who are all these beatniks? One or two we know for students; others are petty thieves who go through all the coats before coming in to their special get-together; one is a rich girl, with a palace open to such junketings and parents comfortably away. All that comes out of this challenge to the bourgeois is that true love will sprout even here and be nipped by circumstance. *Les Tricheurs* ought, one feels, to have been a

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trenchant comment on youthful abdication; but as it is, all we get is a lengthy and in the end melodramatic exploration that wasn't new when it took the road in *The Green Hat*. The authority of the film lies in the direction, in Claude Renoir's photography; and in the many adolescent performers headed by Laurent Terzieff.

With *The Miracle* (Warner) is shattered a legend that must have suffused many a childhood, when only Lady Diana Manners (or failing her, a Russian princess) could play the part of the Virgin's statue, a part that consisted in keeping still for a record length of time and never speaking a line. The film breaks with all this and goes out for its own record of silliness with a runaway novice who does the grand tour of passion, brings death to the man of her choice, and returns to find that the statue of the Virgin has taken her place as a nun and incidentally caused a four years' drought. A howling gale is another of the BVM's concomitants. I don't know how Catholics feel about all this, but I must warn that *The Miracle* is far funnier to read about than to see.

Cousins and Love

ANNABEL FARJEON

Begin with the story and get it over. It is the worst part of an otherwise excellent ballet, called *The Invitation*, which the Royal Ballet is presenting at Covent Garden. And it is no good thinking that the story does not matter, for here it has spoilt what is a far more original and expressive work of art than either of our two ballet companies has produced for a long time.

Two cousins, a young lady and a young gentleman of perhaps 15 and 16, fall into adolescent love, but are disturbed by a disillusioned married couple, the wife flirting with the boy, the husband ultimately violating the girl. This drama takes place in an Edwardian household, with lots of relatives and visitors and children peering inquisitively. The climax, the violation of the girl by the mustachioed roué, emphasises the outmoded clumsiness of the scenario. For, throughout, the choreography is so fastidiously impressionistic, so shredded with human feeling, that this collapse into facts and moral judgment is a sad bore.

The raw plot aside, the rest of the components are alive with all sorts of wanton, wandering tentacles of feeling. Matyas Seiber's music is restrained and at the same time emotionally illustrative. It pinks and perks, starting and stalling, like stumbling young emotions: and then it carries the action along with a floating scale on the harp, or a gaggle of drum beats. The decor, by Nicholas Georgiadis, is brown, squiggly and firmly contemporary, yet always conveying a strong sense of the Edwardian atmosphere. It is the best he has done so far in his career, for instead of diminishing the stage, as is almost always the case with our young, home-grown ballet designers, this blows it up like a balloon, giving a translucent and mysterious vision of the comings and goings of children and grown-ups in the big house.

Macmillan's choreography compels our attention with its interest in the shapes a human body can create. He has the ability to give each character such a varied and sensitive pattern of movement that, as in a good novel, we want to know more and more about them. It is refreshing to see the dancers with faces and minds, not just pretty masks. A poetic, rather sinister mood fills the air with Sitwellian awareness of the traditions and taboos that bound society before the 1914 war. Governesses shake little girls when they misbehave; there are burgeoning tropical specimens in the conservatory, and tiny waists, enormous hats, and the flittering conversation of people who converse, overlaying their emotion with excessively complicated patterns of behaviour.

With Lynn Seymour for a heroine, Macmillan has naturally let himself go. She is marvellously soft, pliant material to work on. Her gentle, flowing gestures are never vague, but clear and limpid. She looks wonderfully impressionable as the young girl, so nearly plain, so serious, so wrapped in her inner dreams. Christopher Gable is charmingly flushed and flustered as the boy, his unformed nose as enquiring and responsive as a dog's. Ann Heaton plays the older woman with restrained artistry and never goes too far, but Desmond Doyle, in the part of the seductive husband, does. His opening is good, but then he builds up more and more torrid passion, till the final remorse is pure ham. This may be partly Macmillan's fault, for the post-intercourse Nausea, Shame and Shock is overdone by both parties.

Which brings me back to the dated story, and the question why English choreographers seem to be so isolated from contemporary ideas and sensations. It is time they turned to lively young poets and writers for new themes, just as they turn to bright young composers and bright young artists for music and scenery.

Mermaid from Salford

H. A. L. CRAIG

Shelagh Delaney's *The Lion in Love* has been dragged almost against its will to London. A local play, it failed in the localities, was certified and left for dead. So it was with surprise we heard of it again in rehearsal. Somebody believed in its heart-beat. They were entirely right. *The Lion in Love* is a splendidly frustrated cage-walking in 'a town in the North of England'. Yet it is easy to see reasons for its first failure. The drama is not dramatic in the conventional sense; it has expanses of boredom, where the same small ripples continue with no apparent start or stop; it does not add to itself in the third act; it has, at times, a platitude that only the very young can pronounce; it does not even accept its own opportunities; the 'truths' to which it ascends are the most ordinary commonsense.

But these nullities are, somehow, the making of the play. What matters is Miss Delaney's context: herself. What comes out is her honesty. She writes to her own understanding and stops at the end of it; she may be dilute at times, she is never adulterate. But as the honesty of the artist brings nobody to his work, I must say quickly that there is far more than fair integrity in this play. Despite the commonness of her cup of tea, the drabness of her encounters, in her revelations Miss Delaney is as rare as a mermaid among the sailors. Though in her combs and hair-curlers she is like any girl of her station, she goes through it – her rainy Salford – with the acceleration of a fish.

The Lion in Love disperses – in this kind of play there is very little centre and the stage resembles a bivouac – around some street traders who, oddly, are bereft of the husky rhetoric and hoarse wit that goes with the selling pitch. They are not physically in their jobs, as the attendant whore (Renny Lister) is so rooted and stuck in hers. This is a fault of both writer and producer. 'The Lion' is a middle-ageing trader, bull-dozed by the supermarket and his marriage to the life-and-soul of Saturday night: his wife is a dancing, red-headed sozzle, whose last drink is a stirrup-cup to the police station. Their children are in the act of escaping, not from the rows – which they have long learned to meet with the deafness of O'Leary – but from the character cave-in of the reconciliations. The tonic in this cacophony is supplied by Grandad, a wisdom tooth straight from *Girls' Own*.

Everyone, except Grandad, in *The Lion in Love* is escaping because everyone is caught, everyone is his own trapped lion. Most working-class drama is about the bars of the cage – poverty, its boredom, its immobility. In middle-class plays there are greater refinements of trap and more subtlety in the springing of them; when the environment is taken for granted, you can afford the psychology. The working class is still within the neck of the National Health bottle. Why Miss Delaney's work is so good is that she is exploring her Salford in terms of free character as well as confined situation; if you put this play on middle-class sofas it would still be valid because what is true in it, the man-woman cross-purpose, is true of every class. *The Lion in Love* is not a profound exploration; but it is undoubtedly a start, in depth.

Miss Delaney is 22. Her age is relevant only because it so decides her work. She finds herself in the young but gets lost in what she herself calls 'the chaos of middle age'; she will not know middle age until she undergoes it. Nor is it surprising that old wisdom tooth, Grandad, is much better realised than Miss Delaney's 'chaos' characters: the young find the old simple, and the old have more time for the young.

Shelagh Delaney's talent is almost entirely in her watching. She is outside her characters, remaining out. Indeed, in the structure of its insights, *The Lion in Love* resembles a fine work of autobiography. She may go close enough to count the goose flesh but, in a cast of 16, she is under the skin of only one, her whirling young Peg: the others are observed creatures, closely seen, but their blood is not ours, nor hers. When the marriage is in squabble it is something to *watch;* we are not brought into the petty triumphs of a marriage quarrel.

But how much was wasted in the production? Clive Barker did not see the play as a piece, only piecemeal; he allowed too many simultaneous, separate actions on the stage; his failure was to take the text line by line. This spoiled the overall force, but it did encourage some good performances – especially Patricia Healey's Peg.

But for all one can say against this work – its disorder as a play, the cliché that lurks behind the clichés in most of its writing, its failure to find an emphasis in any part of its language – there can be no tampering with the fact that it is a powerful and real work. Miss Delaney may create a soft physical image of femininity, the adjusting of stockings, the 'appeal' to the thighs, but she is not really writing in a woman's feminised way. Hers is a working-class projection of vigorous outline and uses detail as a small start to a large picture. Who is a better woman playwright than Miss Delaney? Where is she?

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Week-end Competition

No. 1,611 **Set by Buzfuz**

Viscount Hailsham's family Christmas card is said to have contained a 'Song for a Minister of Science', beginning:

> Sing a song of particles
> Infinitely small,
> Tissue cultured specimens,
> From off your stomach wall . . .

Competitors are asked to compose a similar song for any other current Ministerial appointment. Limit 12 lines. Entries by 16 January.

Result of No. 1,608 **Set by Red Setter**

'But gentlemen never wear brown', Lord Curzon is reported to have stated. The usual prizes are offered for a ballade based on this line. Limit 12 lines.

Report

One hardly polite correspondent excused himself because 'I cannot recall what form a ballade takes.' He was not alone in this, alas! But in the end more than enough good entries surfaced to complicate the judging.

I must mention Ken Geering's political twist: 'But Gentlemen! *Never* wear *Brown*!' R. A. Mackenzie scored too:

Prince, pride of the male cockatoos,
Where *have* you been rolling in town?
Your round-and-betweens should be ultramarines,
But gentlemen never wear brown.

E. B. C. Jones and A. M. Robertson each made two good attempts. I suggest a division of the prizes between them and the authors of the other entries starred. The commended list is filled by H. A. C. Evans, A. M. Sayers, Trooper Jones, R. Marriott, Gertrude Pitt, Allan M. Laing and Rhoda Tuck Pook.

A cassock to cosset a Spike,
Some jeans for a Varnishing Day,
Corduroy bags for a hike,
A scarlet-lined cape for the Play;
The kit worn for polo is gay,
And Counsel is proud of a gown
Which is practically rotting away,
But gentlemen never wear brown.

Prince of the Dandies, I pray
Don't let your principles down –
Man is condemned to the clay
But gentlemen never wear brown.

E. B. C. JONES

A chap may turn out a disgrace
Disowned by his kith and his kin,
May transmit a fatuous face
With a markedly retrograde chin;
He may gape with an imbecile grin
And behave like a crapulous clown:
There is no unforgivable sin,
But gentlemen never wear brown.

GREAT PEER (with the sensitive skin
And stern magisterial frown)
Reputations will often wear thin
But gentlemen never wear brown!

A. M. ROBERTSON

In the post-45 Welfare State
It's hard to tell master from man,
For affluence tends to equate
The boss and the hired artisan;
That chap there – he looks spick and span,
A regular guy about town,
His tailor's done all that he can –
But gentlemen never wear brown.

Prince, ever in Progress's van,
You rejoice social barriers are down,
We're all brothers under our tan –
But gentlemen never wear brown.

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

If you wish to be truly correct,
There is a rule that infallibly 'places'
The gentleman, whom we expect
To be smart, from his socks to his braces.
Grey suits may be worn to the races,
Black coats and a pin-stripe in town
And blue, in particular cases,
But gentlemen never wear brown.

O landlady, shun the dark faces,
And don't let the neighbourhood down!
White skins may but cover disgraces,
But gentlemen never wear brown.

R. KENNARD DAVIS

Some men have a liking for blue,
Which is perfectly good in its way;
I'm not of their company – true,
Though the Services make it OK.
But candour compels me to say
That fawn makes me shudder and frown:
It is all very well to be gay –
But gentlemen never wear brown.

A tweed – to be safe – should be grey;
Slate-grey is a nice thing for town:
One should give personality play –
But gentlemen never wear brown.

A. M. SAYERS

I daresay you'll think I'm old-fashioned
But there *are* certain standards, you know,
And it's not as if things were still rationed
And you don't want to let yourself go.
We can still deal a pretty shrewd blow
At this passion for levelling down
By smiling and mumuring low:
'But gentlemen never wear brown.'

For my sake, Son, put up a show.
I *still* think They might turn you down.
Top People are People who Know
That gentlemen never wear brown.

TROOPER JONES

Perhaps I am somewhat severe,
For I own to a rigid taboo.
To me it is perfectly clear
That pepper-and-salt may get through,
And white I should never eschew
(Though black is more seemly for town)
And purple's a possible hue,
But gentlemen never wear brown.

Prince, that is the path I pursue,
Though Fashion continues to frown –
There are seasons for scarlet and blue,
But gentlemen never wear brown.

GERTRUDE PITT

Old custom and usage and rule
Are far too elastic today:
Who dares to acknowledge his school,
The Golf Club where once he might play?
But there's an infallible way
Of spotting the cad-about-town –
For us are the black, blue and grey,
But gentlemen never wear brown.

Their mien and their speech scarce betray
The plebs who ape blood of renown,
Let colour-bars pass as they may
But gentlemen never wear brown.

RHODA TUCK POOK

When taking a ride in the Row
Some people wear jodhpurs and shoes;
White flannels are quite *comme il faut*
Whenever you go on a cruise;
A white tie's a 'must' for big do's,
While subfusc's OK in a town;
A Scotsman may even wear trews,
But gentlemen never wear brown.

So, Prince, you may wear what you choose,
Bespoken, or good reach-me-down;
So suited, no sleep you need lose –
But gentlemen never wear brown.

H. A. C. EVANS

The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

Foot-and-mouth is a virus disease. The 1960 epidemic, if that is not too strong a word, produced about 280 outbreaks. In most countries this disease is dealt with by prophylactic or palliative injections: the animals usually recover. Norman farmers with whom I have talked say that they are thereafter none the worse. The official belief in Britain is that they are, on the contrary, debilitated. British policy for dealing with the disease is slaughter of the herd in which the sickness appears and careful destruction of the carcases. This seems designed not to prevent a pandemic, but to prevent the disease becoming endemic, as it is in many countries.

I have been talking to the most intelligent young mixed-and-middle-sized farmer of my acquaintance about this policy. He says that he does not know enough about it to condemn the policy, but he doesn't like it, he thinks it may well be wrong, and he is sure that it is carried to excess. This man has two herds of cows on two different farms separated by several miles.

The example he gives me is that supposing some individuals of herd A to go down with foot-and-mouth, an order would be made to slaughter both herd A and herd B, although no cow in the latter herd had shown any symptoms of illness. The reason for this is that he, the farmer, and possibly one or more of his men, although he has two separate establishments, must be regarded as possible carriers. 'But if the authorities take that really seriously they ought to slaughter me and my men also; or at the very least confine us in quarantine.'

Compensation? My friend would receive the market price of his slaughtered beasts; but nothing for loss of their product. Now a milch herd yielding really good results is not created by walking into the market and buying a number of cows. It is built up, with care and pains, over a long period of time. If authority ordered the destruction of an industrialist's machines and paid him their market price, that would be fair enough, for he would only have to go and buy some new ones and they could be put into production for him at once.

A dairy farmer cannot possibly do that. So he loses revenue. The nation, too, makes a heavy loss, in paying compensation. And the farmer is penalised, there is no other word for it, for his misfortune by the Inland Revenue, who tax his compensation as income. This is the same sort of fiscal extortion as the same authority practises against authors who sell a royalty-earning copyright.

There is something wrong with this policy. And it is just possible that there is everything wrong with it. It is based on a splendid ideal, that of getting rid of the virus entirely. But in a world where not everyone is trying to do this, it is probably impossible for one nation to do it. There are two ways of dealing with viruses in any organism: you can try to exterminate them; or you can try to live with them. Men, animals and plants all support a number of parasitic bacteria and viruses, and manage to do so without losing their health as a rule.

In certain conditions the parasites get out of hand as it were: when that happens the host is said to be ill, and has symptoms of sickness. His or its resistance to the bacteria or the virus has failed and the balance between them is upset. Is there any absolute gain in being quite free of the virus, as against being normally resistant to it so that you can support it without being ill? There may be: presumably some energy is used in maintaining resistance, although it has not been demonstrated.

Interesting work has been done on plant viruses. For example, 20 years ago fruit-growers would have said that *Royal Sovereign* strawberry variety was done for. It had degenerated to the point where it was not worth growing. East Malling Research Station took it in hand and developed an admirable and successful technique for restoring virus-sick varieties of the plants. Viruses in some plants can be 'killed' – are they, in fact, ever 'alive'? – by heat. If even a single individual of the plant variety under treatment can survive the requisite temperature, you have a virus free plant from which to propagate, vegetatively, under rigorous protection, chemical and physical, from virus vectors, a clone from which new commercial stocks can be propagated.

They remain, however, susceptible to fresh infection. The EM *Royal Sovereigns* are magnificent. But I have grown 140 strawberry varieties and many of them carry the viruses but don't succumb to them. Manifestly well, they are nevertheless debile, say the phytopathologists. Still, they seem to do very well in practice.

The good is always the enemy of the best, of course. But can we attain to the best in this field? I suppose we are bound to continue the attempt.

City Lights

TAURUS

Algeria, and Belgium, and Laos may bore the City: there is no excuse for its not taking more interest in the United States. Several hints about the ideas of the new administration can be picked out from an article in the *Financial Times* by Professor Samuelson, a leading US economist and apparently (he teaches at MIT) Mr Kennedy's *éminence grise* on economic affairs. First, he rules out absolutely any possibility of an increase in the dollar price of gold: it may be significant that he quotes – without comment – the suggestion recently put forward in public by a New York banker that the US should abolish the gold backing to its currency and forbid its citizens to hold gold outside (as well as inside) the US; some such combination of measures would put the Zurich speculators into place while making room for the possibility – which Samuelson carefully does not mention – of a reformation of the International Monetary Fund along old-Keynes, new-Triffin lines. He also seems to be hopeful that the overall US payments deficit can be cured, without resorting to disastrous, protectionist methods, within the next couple of years or so.

His pessimism seems to lie in the fact that the US economy has recently appeared to be tired and ageing – 'besides being anaemic, the recovery also proved to be short-lived, reverting back to those pre-war patterns that we had begun to think had been relegated to the

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category of ancient history' – and that the outflow of capital, which is a large and growing part of the US payments problem, is simply due to the fact that better investment opportunities exist abroad. This is a problem with which Britain has been long familiar.

* * *

This prospect is already beginning to have a tonic effect on Wall Street – a market which flagged while election bogies of inflation and irresponsibility were fashionable and steadied when it became clear that the new administration was likely to be no worse than alive. It is true that yields on US stocks are much lower than those which can be obtained on equally good stocks elsewhere; but the supply of native stocks is limited, Americans are notoriously home-loving, and the odds are that Wall Street will begin to gain heart as soon as business activity seems definitely due to rise – *Fortune*, the American business glossy, has already taken the new administration's policies into account and given a remarkably bullish reading of the result.

A gradual rally on Wall Street is likely to have only a muffled effect on London markets. Britain, like Europe generally, is lagging behind the US business cycle: the possibility of lower profits (and some lower dividends) in 1961 has yet to make its full impact, let alone the probability that profits, when business swings up again, will not outstrip turnover by as comfortable a margin as in the past year. Nor are gilt-edged going to give a lead: while the new US administration seems determined to get down the yield on long-term bonds, the UK authorities seem determined to keep long-term interest rates much where they are. The market's anchor lies in the fact that equity yields have risen with the 1959-60 increase in dividends and that institutional investors, once the rush of cheap new issues is over, will find that a further fall in equity prices provides them with a strong excuse to buy.

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* * *

Stock markets are said to anticipate the realities of the business situation, and a sharp rise in Wall Street prices could doubly embarrass the Treasury. In the first place, it would mean a rush of UK investors into dollar stocks: the pool of security dollars available for buying these stocks is limited, it has been drying up steadily for months past while Wall Street was out of favour, and any sudden call on it could cause a sudden and sharp rise in the London premium on dollar stocks – unless, of course, the Treasury chose to replenish the private pool by selling part of the public portfolio of dollar investments. In the second place, and much more awkwardly, a determined rise on Wall Street would probably mean the loss of much of the idle, international money which kept the Sterling Area's gold reserve rising during 1960. The reserve was bound to rise in December, the influx of dollars from the Ford bid more than offsetting loan repayments to the US and Canada. The surprise is that it rose so little. Either the Swiss banks, who take money home in December to improve the look of their year-end balance-sheets, are even more important in the matter than one has supposed, or the inflow of hot money has already dried up sufficiently to make the deficits of Britain and other sterling countries reflect themselves in a drop in the gold reserve. Special factors apart, the gold reserve fell in December for the first time since January.

You might have supposed that Grandma would put theory into practice and anticipate the storm to come by casually arranging a stand-by credit with the International Monetary Fund. The only transaction with the IMF during the month, in fact, was a payment of £17m in dollars to redeem sterling IOUs and bring the UK contribution in gold or dollars up to the usual 25 per cent. This 17m payment was heavily overplayed in every newspaper interested in this sort of thing and unanimously headlined, presumably at Treasury instigation, as 'A British Move To Help America'.

Company News

Martins has begun the banking season well, with a 22 per cent increase in disclosed net profit and a dividend of 15 per cent against the 13 per cent forecast and the 14 per cent expected.

Guinness, which went into toffees some time ago and has recently shown an appetite for pharmaceuticals as well as lager, has now taken over a camera firm.

The *Royal*, the largest of the composite insurance companies, is to take over *London & Lancashire*, a rumoured bid victim for months past; it is to be hoped that the Royal, which knows its painful way around North America, is not paying too much for its acquisiton.

The *Moscow Narodny Bank*, which helps to finance trade between Britain and Iron Curtain countries, has persuaded its Russian shareholders to double its capital.

Cinema attendances are falling off less rapidly, but the rise in *Rank Group* shares turns out to be due to a deal with 20th Century-Fox, under which Rank buys out the Fox minority interest and gets various trading advantages in exchange for £4m – in payments spread over 11 years.

The Chess Board

No. 582 Useful Homework

Some masters may tend to overdo it, but it certainly turned out very useful for Penrose to have looked at Ojanen-Keres, played on the top-board of the Estonia-Finland match last May; and since it so happened that Tal didn't know that game, Penrose modestly disclaimed some of the credit for his Leipzig victory over the world-champion. He did admit, though, that since his memory of Ojanen's triumph was rather vague his main reasoning when steering into that particular Benoni variation was this that if it was good enough to beat Keres it might as well be tried against Tal. Very sound reasoning too! Actually, while the idea of first pushing the KP and then the KBP is the same in both games, they vary in a good many aspects such as this that Penrose did and Ojanen didn't open the KB-file. Now remember Penrose's triumph (NS of 26 November) and look at Ojanen's.

1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; 2) P-QB4, P-K3; 3) Kt-QB3, P-B4; 4) P-Q5, PxP; 5) PxP, P-KKt3; 6) P-K4, P-Q3; 7) B-Q3, B-Kt2; 8) KKt-K2, 0-0; 9) 0-0, R-K1; 10) P-KR3, QKt-Q2; 11) Kt-Kt3, P-QR3; 12) P-QR4, Q-B2; 13) P-B4, P-B5; 14) B-B2, Kt-B4; 15) K-R1, B-Q2; 16) Q-B3, K-R1; 17) B-K3, Kt-Kt1; 18) QR-Q1, P-QKt4; 19) PxP, PxP; 20) P-K5!, PxP; 21) P-B5!, P-Kt5; 22) P-Q6, Q-R4; 23) Kt-K4, Kt-Q6 [which may be relatively best]; 24) BxKt, PxB; 25) P-B6, B-KB1; 26) RxP, Kt-R3; 27) R(1)-Q1, KR-Q1; 28) Q-B2!, Q-Kt4; 29) Q-Q2, Kt-B4; 30) KtxKt, BxKt; 31) R-Q5, Q-Kt2; 32) Kt-B5, Q-B3; 33) B-R6!, BxB; 34) QxB, R-KKt1; 35) RxP, QR-Q1; 36) R-Q4 [threatening mate in two], P-Kt4; 37) RxB, RxP; 38) RxP, resigns.

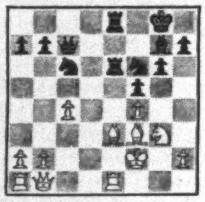
Taking a parting glance at Leipzig some praise is due for the meticulous work of the organisers; they had, of course, uncommonly lavish means at their disposal since their government considered the Team Tournament a matter of national prestige. An unusual feature was the exhibition of chess books, chess pieces and all manner of chess paraphernalia, comprising some choice collector pieces from all over the world. A veritable exposition of the history of chess through the ages, and quite a feast for every lover of the game.

I have just enough space left for Fischer-Tal, a very bright and razor-sharp brevity.

1) P-K4, P-K3; 2) P-Q4, P-Q4; 3) Kt-QB3, B-Kt5; 4) P-K5, P-QB4; 5) P-QR3, B-R4; 6) P-QKt4, PxQP; 7) Q-Kt4, Kt-K2; 8) PxB, PxKt; 9) QxKtP, R-Kt1; 10) QxRP, QKt-B3; 11) Kt-B3 ["So far everything was normal", Tal remarked after the game], Q-B2; 12) B-QKt5, B-Q2 [. . . RxKtP would have been countered by K-B1]; 13) 0-0 [In the *post pacem* Fischer suggested that BxKt might have been better, but Tal said: "Bobby, yours was the best move"], 0-0-0; 14) B-Kt5, KtxKP [Whilst Bobby had played his last move without a moment's hesitation he took nearly an hour for his next one; and we'll soon see why]; 15) KtxKt, BxB; 16) KtxP, BxR; 17) KtxR, RxB; 18) KtxKP, RxP ch; 19) K-R1! [KxB would have been punished by . . . RxRP], Q-K4 (best); 20) RxB, QxKt; 21) KxR, Q-Kt5 ch and draws by perpetual.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which Bobby (Black) brilliantly forced the win by three powerful moves. How? For 6 and 7 ladder-points both **B** and **C** are wins, both celebrated 'classics' which should delight even those who know them. Usual prizes. Entries by 16 January.

A: Bobby Fischer 1960



B: L. I. Kubbel: /1Kt6/8/K7/3k4/3p3B/p7/2PP4/8/.

C: Henri Rinck 1903: /8/1p4R1/2kp4/2p1P3/2P2Ktpq/3P3p/4K1PP/8/.

REPORT on No. 579 Set 14 December

A: 1) Kt-K7, QxRP ch!; 2) K-Kt1!!, resigns.

B: 1) B-Kt2, R-B1; 2) R-B7 ch, K-Kt1; 3) R-Kt7 ch, K-R1; 4) K-R2! etc. Or 1) . . . R-KR3; 2) R-KKt3 ch!, K-R2; 3) R-Kt7 ch, K-R1; 4) K-Kt1!! Or 1) . . . R-B2; 2) R-KR3 ch, K-Kt1; 3) R-R8 mate. Or 1) . . . R-KKt3; 2) R-B8 ch, K-R2; 3) R-R8 mate.

C: 1) P-Kt6, PxP; 2) P-B6, P-Q5; 3) R-KR1!!, R-B4 ch; 4) K-Kt1, RxP stalemate. Or 3) . . . R-Q4; 4) P-B7, R-Q1; 5) R-K1, K-Kt2; 6) R-K8, R-Q4; 7) R-Kt8 ch, etc. Or 1) . . . P-Q5; 2) P-Kt7, RxP; 3) K-Kt1, R-Kt4 ch; 4) K-R1, RxP; 5) R-K8 ch, K-R2; 6) R-QR8 ch, etc.

Not so easy. Correct solution: C. Allen, D. E. Cohen, J. W. Ecelson, J. Mitchell, C. Sansom. Many friendly seasonal wishes sincerely reciprocated.

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Forms of application and further particulars obtainable (stamped addressed envelope) from the Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

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Applications invited from women holding the Home Office Certificate in Child Care and or a Social Science Diploma for the post of Area Child Care Officer at Swindon. The successful applicant must have had considerable experience in this work and will be required to take charge of the Area Office. Salary APT III. Details and forms from the Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Trowbridge.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd.

BBC requires Film Editors in London to edit both 16 and 35 mm. film for all types of output. Applicants must have wide practical experience of film editing (negative and positive) in accordance with highest professional standards and be prepared to work with magnetic sound tracks. Must be able to contribute creative ideas affecting material at their disposal and advise producers on how best to use library material. Salary £1,095 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,370 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.636. N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires British secretary for the German Service with first-class secretarial qualifications and good knowledge of German to work for Programme Organiser responsible for topical political affairs; should be able to control a small staff in a busy office. Starting salary from £11 3s. to £12 5s. a week according to qualifications, plus 5s. language allowance, rising by annual increments to £13 7s. p.w. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, marking envelope 60.SC.521 N.Stm.

UNIVERSITY of Malaya in Kuala Lumpur. Department of History. Applications are invited for a post of Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer, depending on qualifications, in the Department of History, University of Malaya in Kuala Lumpur. The post is to be filled in 1961. Candidates should have a recognised Honours degree or equivalent qualification and experience in teaching and research in any one of the following fields, although preference will be given to those applying in the first two fields: (i) South-east Asian History; (ii) Asian History; (iii) Modern British History. The basic salary for a Lecturer is £1,148 x 48 – £1,442/1,540 x 56 – £1,820 per annum and for an Assistant Lecturer £1,001 x 49 – £1,099 per annum. In addition a variable allowance is at present paid at 35% of basic salary, subject to certain maxima, together with expatriation allowance at specified rates. First class sea passages are provided and housing assistance is available. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications in Kuala Lumpur and London, is 25 January 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship and Senior Lectureship in Pure Mathematics. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned positions. Salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,730 x 105 – £2,435 per annum; for a Senior Lecturer within the range £A2,550 x 95 – £3,000 per annum and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. In addition, in each case, cost of living adjustments will be paid. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme, in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 24 February 1961.

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Lecturer in French. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post. A good command of spoken French is essential. The salary will be £1,250 per annum, rising by annual increments of £75 to £1,700 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and his dependent children. In addition, actual removal expenses will be allowed within certain limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 28 February 1961.

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THE SUNDAY TIMES

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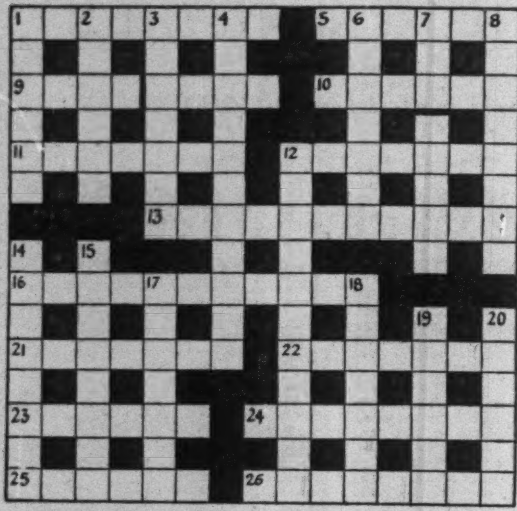
Week-end Crossword 439

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 439, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1, by first post 17 January.



ACROSS

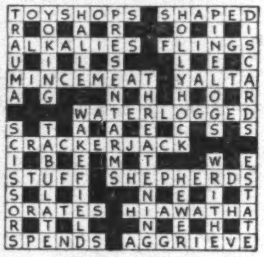
1. Precision caught in a clerical job (8).
5. Insect which puts science in front of an oriental (6).
9. Class which almost gives a military command (4, 4).
10. The revolutionary at present looks back in amazement (6).
11. 'Stern to ——— and stubborn to endure' (Southey) (7).
12. The vehicle concealed love and gallantry (7).
13. Admiration which makes a man propel a vessel containing gold (11).
16. Outlawed everyone in a dark resting place (11).
21. Darkness with short cuts in the centre (7).
22. Test the tool brought back before the pit (7).
23. Girl who is a man-trap? (6).
24. Monster developed from atom ruin (8).
25. Remedy when the party is finished with a wise man (6).
26. The incredulous person confuses gain and cost (8).

DOWN

1. A noisy tune which is a matter of personal concern (6).
2. Bottle for an artist in a restaurant (6).
3. Dissolute as an airman who drinks heavily? (7).
4. Something on the bed to provide resistance to illness, by the sound of it (11).
6. Angrier transient (7).
7. Danger signal, but third leg broken (3, 5).
8. Shakespearian character himself half Shakespeare (8).
12. Perplexing and more barbarous in existence (11).
14. Turned the beds over and had a look (8).
15. Flops although I am enticing in speedy beginning (8).
17. The poet to sleep on the heather (7).
18. Game is the reverse of rancid round a Finnish town (7).
19. Penny I throw for a judge (6).
20. System which puts me on half a vehicle (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 437



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 437

R. G. Hamilton (Liverpool 18)
L. N. Baillie (Eltham, SE9)
*J. E. Brown (London, SE*11)

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd.

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Dept. Senior Assistant Youth Employment Officer (male) reqd in Ealing. Good education essential. Exper. in Youth Employment Service desirable. Salary APT II £815 – £960 plus up to £40 London Weighting. Commencing salary to be determined having regard to exper. and qual. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer, (Ref. GP) 10 Great George St, SW1, returnable by 14 January, (Quote F.141 NS & N).

THE Hackney Association for Workshops for the Elderly require an Assistant Organiser, salary in the region of £450 per annum. This appointment is made necessary owing to the opening of a second Workshop in March. Applications to Mr A. J. L. Jacobs, Hon. Secretary, C/o Willerbys, Pembury Works, Pembury Grove, E5.

AS a result of the retirement of the present Matron the Jewish Blind Society invites applications for the post of Matron at its Bournemouth Holiday Home. Excellent accommodation. Contributory staff pension scheme. Persons with nursing experience should apply to The Secretary, 1 Craven Hill, W2.

DOCUMENTARY and Current Affairs research workers with good degree and/or first class journalistic experience required by Associated Television Limited. Please apply in writing stating age, experience and salary required to the Personnel Manager, ATV House, 17 Great Cumberland Place, London, W1.

EDITOR, preferably experienced, required for a critical quarterly on television to be launched as sister paper (but not carbon copy) of 'Sight and Sound'. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars from, and applications by 1 February to, Secretary, British Film Institute, 81 Dean Street, W1.

THE Books for Pleasure Group (main imprint Paul Hamlyn) have vacancies in their Production Department for designer/typographers, with some experience of book production, for a wide range of illustrated books and display work. Salary will be commensurate with experience. Apply giving qualifications and experience to Production Manager, Books for Pleasure Ltd, Spring House, Spring Place, London, NW5.

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BOYS' Preparatory Schools. Parents desiring vacancies and men and women seeking teaching appointments, also Matrons and Assistant Matrons, should apply to R. J. S. Curtis, MA (E), Hon. Sec., Public Relations Committee, Incorporated Association of Preparatory Schools, Hurst Court, Ore, Hastings.

GRADUATE wanted by postal college – few hours weekly – for external marking of students' papers in Current Affairs and English. Box 9575.

SOLICITORS' Managing Clerk or clerk with legal experience required, Central London small firm, varied and interesting practice. Box 9560.

POST avail. for resourceful young man (or ex-Service) able to teach Science & Maths, in country community (school). Box 9612.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd.

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UNIVERSITY College London (Gower St, WC1) requires Secretary/Shorthand-Typist in Department of Political Economy; preferably aged 22-26, with secretarial experience and good speeds. Interesting post; good holidays. Applications to Assistant Secretary.

PARLIAMENTARY Labour Party requires shorthand-typist with good speeds for pleasant office, House of Commons. Good hours, interesting work, 3 weeks annual leave after 2 years service. Apply to the Administrative Officer, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, SW1.

SECRETARY required for senior official of British Actors' Equity. Fast and accurate shorthand/typing essential. Hours 9.30-5.30 (one Saturday morning in 4). Salary £12-£14 p.w. Phone MUSeum 6367.

ROYAL National Institute for the Blind requires Secretary/Shorthand-Typist for Committee Secretary. Good shorthand-typing essential. Knowledge of Committee work an advantage. 9-5.15, 5 day week. Luncheon Vouchers. Pension Scheme. Write partics of age, experience & salary reqd to Staff Sec., 224 Gt Portland St, W1.

SHORTHAND-typists and juniors required; 5-day week; good salary scales; superannuation; canteen. Applications to Trades Union Congress, 23/28 Great Russell Street, London, WC1.

EDITORIAL Secretary required for weekly educational journal. Good shorthand-typing, common sense and initiative. Some proof-reading, subbing, etc. Present salary £600 p.a.; contributory pension scheme. Write fully Box 9616.

EMBASSY, W1, requires secretary shorthand-typist. Good hours. Mina Ash Bureau, 19 Conduit St, W1. HYD. 1738/9.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd.

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MALE arts graduate (Honours degree) seeks employment with reputable firm of publishers. Box 9432.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

RECENT edition of Encyclopaedia Britannica for sale. Bound half red leather. Cost approx. £150. Absolutely as new. Open to reas. offer. Rawlinson, 133 Sweet Briar, Welwyn Garden City 6117.

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LABOUR Monthly Programme for Mankind: R. Palme Dutt; The Great Tragedy: J. E. Newton; Light on Central Africa: D. N. Pritt, QC; 1s. 6d. or 9s. half-yearly from Dept NS, 134 Ballards Lane, London, N3.

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LECTURE CRSES, etc.—contd from p.36

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SCHOOLS

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SCHOOLS—continued

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SOLICITORS' Managing Clerk see under 'Appointments Vacant'.

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PERSONAL—continued

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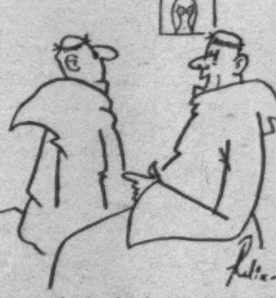

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THEATRES

IN-STAGE: 'Schrecks' by Murray Schisgal. An Evening of Hysteria. 'A powerful talent . . . an excellent group' New Statesman. Sundays at 7.30. 9 Fitzroy Square, W1. Admission Free. Res. CHA. 5037.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Evgs 7.30, Sat. 5.0, 8.15, Thurs. 2.30. Shelagh Delaney's 'The Lion in Love'.

TH. ROYAL, E15. MAR. 5973. Last 2 weeks. Evgs 8.0, 'Progress to the Park'. Daily Mat. only 2.15, 'Tom Sawyer'.

TOWER, N1. CAN. 3475 (9-6), CAN. 5111 (6-8.30). 7.30. 6, 7, 11-14, 19-21 Jan.: 'The Silver Curlew'. Mats. 7, 14, 21 Jan. at 2.30.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. New musical, 'Misadventures of Mr Pickwick'. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Members.

CONCERT

MATYAS SEIBER MEMORIAL CONCERT

AMADEUS QUARTET, etc.

EMMA CONS HALL,
MORLEY COLLEGE,
Westminster Bridge Road,
opp. Lambeth North Station.

FRIDAY, 6 JANUARY at 8 p.m.

Admission: Tickets 10s.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). Comédie Française in Le Mariage de Figaro (A).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 8 Jan.: Becker's 'Edward and Caroline' (A). From 9 Jan.: Will Hay in 'Oh! Mr Porter' (U). 'The Red Balloon' (U).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Cosmo Combo and his Group, Saturday 7 January 8-11 p.m. Members 3s., non-members 5s. Non-members will not be admitted unless accompanied by a member.

DANCE, Sat. 7 Jan. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1, 7.45-11 p.m. Admn 4s. Arranged for SPES by Young Humanists – all welcome.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Prints and Facsimiles; full range may be seen at Ganymed, 11 Great Turnstile, WC1, or all good print-shops. Catalogue 2s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Members please note Preview Vera Haller and Wolfgang Hollegha Exhibition postponed to Wed. 18 January, 6 p.m.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Henry Moore: an exhibition of sculpture 1950-1960. Last three days. Today and Saturday 11-6; Sunday 2-6. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

MOLTON Gallery. Zadkine – Sculpture, Drawings and Lithographs. 10 January – 4 February. 44 South Molton Street, W1. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Christmas Exhibition (2-20 gns). 10-5.30. Thurs. 10-1, Sat. 10-7.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680, Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

ZADKINE. Sculpture and Drawings. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 12 Feb. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues. Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Adm. 2s. 6d.

LANDSCAPE for Living. Arranged by Institute of Landscape Architects. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 4 Feb. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues. Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (Admits also to Bernard Leach).

BERNARD Leach. Fifty years a potter. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 4 Feb. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues. Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (Admits also to Landscape for Living).

THE Waddington Galleries. Paintings Henri Hayden. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Lacasse, to 7 Jan. 11 January: 'Construction: England; 1950-1960' (Pasmore, Martin, Hill etc.). 10-6.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond St. Japanese Paintings and Woodcuts, and 100 unidentified Early English Water-colours.

'SELECT Art', Art Gallery. Fine Original Paintings and Drawings from 17th to 20th Century. 15 Whytecliffe Rd, Purley, Surrey (opposite Purley Station). Open daily incl. Saturdays 9.30-5.30, Wed. 9.30-1 (closed 1-2). Evening viewing by appointment. Tel. Bywood 1504 and Uplands 0789.

GROSVENOR Gallery, 15 Davies St, W1. Picasso Ceramics. Also continuing Marc Chagall signed lithographs 1950-60. Until 10 January. 10-6. Sats 9.30-1.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Third Annual Sculpture Exhibition. 2 Jan.-21 Jan. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

NEW London Gallery, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. E. W. Nay – paintings and watercolours. First one-man exhibition in London. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12.

MURAL Art Today at the Victoria and Albert Museum. 10-6 daily, 2-6 Sundays. Admission 1s. 6d.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography. 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LONDON NEW LEFT REVIEW CLUB

IAN CAMPBELL will speak on THE LAOS CRISIS

Monday 9 January, 8 p.m.,
Partisan Basement, 7 Carlisle St, **W1.**

Admission 2s., members 1s.

A series of discussions on THE HISTORY AND PRINCIPLES OF SOCIALISM will be held fortnightly in the Partisan Basement at 8 p.m. commencing Tuesday 10 January with an introductory discussion on THE BEGINNINGS OF SOCIALIST THOUGHT.

LEFT Scientists Group: D. G. Arnott on Nuclear Power and the Cold War. The Swan, Cosmo Place (off S'hampton Row). Wed. 11 Jan., 8 p.m.

BLACKHEATH NL Club: Julian Symons on The Thirties. Kidbrooke House, 78 Shooters Hill Rd. Fri. 13 Jan., 8 p.m.

UNITED Nations Association Chelsea Branch, 36 Lower Sloane St, SW1, at 8 p.m. on Monday, 9 January 1961: 'UNO in the Far East' by Mr Colin Jackson, BBC commentator on the Middle & Far East.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Dr Alexander on 'Berlin and Germany'. Wed. 11 Jan., 7.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d Details of Society from Mem. Sec., 52 Charleville Rd, W14.

'STRUGGLE in Belgium': Martin Grainger will give an eye-witness account of recent demonstrations in Brussels and Liège. Friends House (Room 17), Euston. Fri. 13 Jan., 7.30 prompt. Auspices ILP and Rank and File Conference Cttee.

CUBA: 26 July Group; talk by A. Lopez Moosman, 'Facts of a Fallen Regime' and discussion on 11 Jan. at 8 p.m. Address: 7 Carlisle St, W1. (Adm. 1s. 6d.).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Ossip Zadkine, 'How I became a Sculptor', Friday 6 January at 6.30 p.m. Members 2s., non-members 3s. 6d. 'Architecture'. New Theatres – an illustrated talk by Peter Moro followed by a discussion with Stephen Joseph, Sean Kenny and Val May, Tues. 10 Jan., 8.15 p.m. Mems 2s., non-mems 3s. 6d.

ICA. Jazz on 11 January postponed to 25 January at 8 p.m.

THE Growing Challenge of Humanism – a Brains Trust, at Burgh House, Flask Walk, NW3. Sat. 14 Jan. at 2.45 – Hampstead Humanist Society.

'THE Angries': Stephen Schenk. Friday, 13 Jan. at 7.30 p.m. at Friends International Centre, 32 Tavistock Square, WC1. For details of other Progressive League meetings in January (lectures, discussions, country dancing, play-reading) send s.a.e. to Lobstein, Jordans, Bucks.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 8 Jan. 6.30 Music & Readings. 7 p.m. 'The Identity of the Jew': M. Roshwald.

IIWC Public Lecture. Free. Eric J. Batson: Readings from Bernard Shaw. 8.30. Fri. 13 Jan. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. PAD. 0688.

AN EVENING of General Discussion, New Jewish Society, 83 Chiltern Street, W1. Wed. 11 Jan. at 8 p.m.

GURDJIEFF and Ouspensky's teaching. New Realm Study Group. Livingstone House, Carteret St, Broadway, SW1. Every Wed. 7 p.m. Adm. 4s.

'MAN'S Influence on the Weather' – lecture at Effra School, Effra Parade, SW2. Speaker: Prof. B. J. Mason (Cloud Physics D. Imp.Coll.) Monday, 16 Jan., 8 p.m. All welcome. Adm. free. Follow up U. of L. Extension Course – Physics and Mod. Society. BRI. 4782.

'THE Eagle has two Heads' by Jean Cocteau. The second act, for Drama Festival presentation, will be auditioned by the Cameo Players (Anglo-Jewish Theatre Group) on Thursday, 12 January, at the Rehearsal Room of the British Drama League, 10 Fitzroy Square, W1, 8 p.m.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Holborn, WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 8 Jan. Health: Can We Get it for Nothing? Dr D. Stark Murray. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 10 Jan. Is World Government the Way-Out? Yes: Paul Winner – No: J. Allen Skinner. Open Discussion.

PSYCHOANALYSIS, Personality, Culture. WEA 12 Lectures. Tues. 10 Jan. 8 p.m. Lively discussion. 1005 Finchley Road, Golders Green. MEA. 1501.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq, SW1. Public Lecture Wed. 11 Jan. 6.30. 'Seeing Life through Opposites', Mrs Ruth Walshe. Also Sat. 14 Jan. at 3 p.m. Children's Class. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enquiries TAT. 1313.

'THE Religion of the Future.' Public lecture, 8 January, 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

R. VEDANTA Centre, 68 Dukes Av., Muswell Hill, N10: Suns 5 p.m. Discourse. Thurs. 12 Jan., 7.30 Kingsway Hall, Swami Ghanananda: 'Do We Reincarnate?'

PACIFIST Univ. Service 3.30 Sun. 8 Jan. 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings X. Brooke Marvin: 'Spiritual Mission of Flying Saucers'.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London HQ, 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

INSTITUT FRANCAIS,
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Evening classes in French language & literature. Special classes with audio-visual methods for beginners. Classes in technical translation for advanced students. Spring term commencing 9 January. For further details apply to Director of Studies.

3 Months' Elementary & Intermediate Courses in

FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, RUSSIAN, SPANISH
From 9 January 1961
once weekly 7-9 p.m.

Leaflet:

LONDON SCHOOL OF ENGLISH,
20/21 Princes Street,
(NS) Hanover Square, London, **W1.**
MAYfair 2120.

UNIVERSITY College London (Gower St, WC1.) Professor John R. Alden (Duke University) will give the Commonwealth Fund Lectures in American History entitled 'The American Revolution' on 19, 23, 26, 30 January, 2, 6, 9, 13 February at 5 p.m. Admission free, without ticket.

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Square, SW1. Term commences 16 January. Classes and lectures on the Spanish language, literature and culture. Library of over 11,000 volumes. Courses at the Spanish universities. For full details apply to the Secretary, SLOane 8381.

HOW Much Do You Know? – About the background to economic policies? – About booms and slumps, full employment, wages, taxation, subsidies, inflation, etc., and the vital moral and economic implications of present-day political thinking? 10-week evening discussion courses in Basic Economics and Social Philosophy begin at Victoria 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. on Tues. and Thurs. (separate classes) 17 and 19 Jan. Classes also to be held at New Eltham, Dartford, Welling, Muswell Hill, Romford, Portsmouth, Southend-on-Sea, Cardiff, Pontypridd and Dundee. For full particulars write to the Henry George School of Social Science, 177 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, SW1, or telephone VIC. 4266 or enrol on opening night. Nominal fee for the course is 5s.

LONDON County Council. Saint Martin's School of Art. This school has been established over one hundred years. 109 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2. (Telephone: GERrard 0058/9). Principal: E. J. Morss, ARCA. Advertising Design and Illustration; Drawing and Painting; Dress Design and Fashion; Modelling and Carving. Ministry of Education Art Examinations.

BIBLE Study – Correspondence Course free on application to Miss K. Walford, 37 Edith Street, West Bromwich.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals' Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

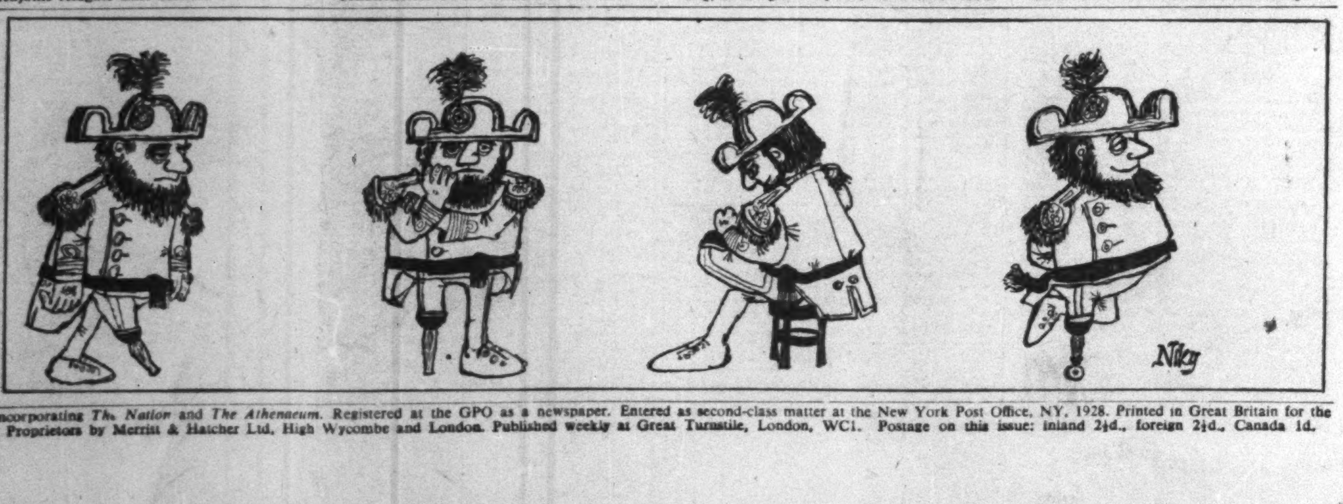
SPAIN: Holiday Course at Cordoba 19 March-23 April. Holy Week & Excursions to Seville Feria & Granada. 4 hrs tuition p. day, full b. & lodging: £8 p. wk. Also Spanish classes in London. Academia Britanica, 35 Endell St, London, WC2. TEM. 2202.

RUSSIAN Language & Literature. Native graduate tutor. Experienced prep. all exams. espec. Degree. Box 9639.

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas, Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford. (Est. 1894).

PIANIST, ex-RCM, pupil eminent Russian, seeks keen students. PARk 6542.

LECTURE CRSES, etc.—contd on p.35



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